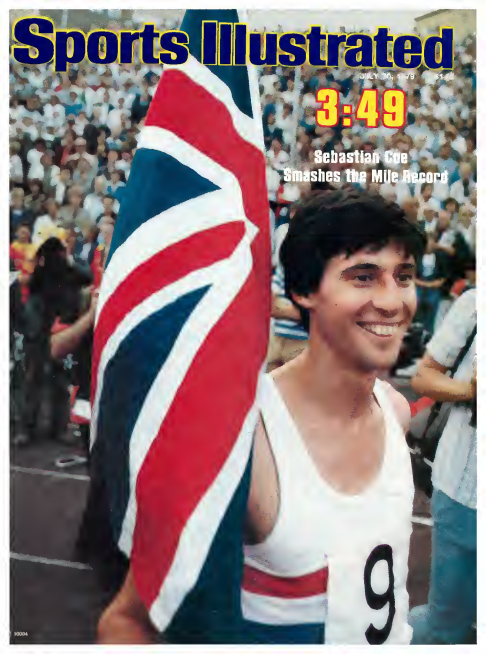


# Sports Illustrated

A color photograph of Sebastian Coe, a British middle-distance runner, smiling and holding a large Union Jack flag over his shoulder. He is wearing a white athletic singlet with a red horizontal stripe and the number 9. The background shows a large crowd of spectators at a track and field event.

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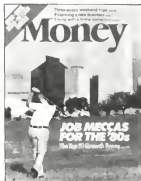
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# SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

## "THE ROCKIES MAY CRUMBLE ..."

Amid the tumult in Washington last week, some people may have missed what President Carter said about the environment. "We will protect our environment," he declared in his energy address. Then he added, "But when this nation critically needs a refinery or pipeline, we will build it." Behind the presidential rhetoric, the presidential meaning is clear: when they clash, Carter now will be more inclined to favor the imperatives of energy over those of the environment.

There has always been some trade-off between the two, of course. Developers are forever warring with environmentalists, one side giving ground here, the other there. The adversaries in this protracted battle have acquired a grudging mutual respect. Few apostles of growth fail to at least pay lip service to the desirability of preserving natural resources and protecting public health. And only the most naive environmentalists espouse a pastoral society utterly free of automobiles and air conditioning. The upshot is an uneasy accommodation in which economic growth occurs within a framework of institutions and regulations painfully—and imperfectly—worked out to protect the environment.

There is reason to fear that Carter might be on the verge of destroying that framework. In his speech he called for greater conservation of energy by such means as improved insulation of homes and for the harnessing of solar energy, both commendable objectives. But he also proposed a major commitment to the development of synthetic fuels. And to make sure that "nothing stands in the way of achieving these goals," he said he would ask Congress to create an Energy Mobilization Board empowered "to cut through the red tape, the delay and the endless roadblocks to completing key energy projects."

The most ambitious—and worrisome—part of the program is its emphasis on synthetic fuels. In urging that \$88 billion be spent to achieve produc-

tion of two million barrels of "synfuel" a day by 1990, Carter risks adding to the grave environmental problems already caused by such toxins as PCBs (SCORECARD, July 16). His program would increase the pollution of rivers and might well pose additional health hazards to humans. Because it would require wide-scale strip mining of coal and intensive excavation of shale, it also has the potential to disfigure vast areas of the West. At a briefing on the President's energy program last week in Washington, a member of the National Association of Manufacturers said, only half in jest, "We sure as hell better convince those people in Colorado that cross-country skiing is more fun than downhill skiing, because we're going to have to level the state."

One of the synfuels Carter is promoting is liquefied coal. As many as 16 plants may be built in, among other places, Utah, Montana and Wyoming. The biggest problem with converting coal into liquid fuel is that the process produces toxic waste, including polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons, a number of which cause cancer. These wastes would create risks for workers and would inevitably leach into ground water. Another concern is that great quantities of water would be required to process the staggering total of 100,000 tons of coal that would be used daily at each plant, further depleting already scarce water supplies.

Another synthetic fuel is shale oil. This probably would be produced at eight plants, most of them in Colorado. Roughly 1½ tons of shale must be cooked at temperatures of almost 900° to extract a single barrel of oil, and disposal of the spent rock is complicated by a "popcorn effect": when heated, the shale puffs up and increases in volume by 20%. Much of the rock would be dumped into canyons and during heavy rainfall would leach salt and large amounts of arsenic, both of which would find their way into rivers, conceivably making the water unsafe for drinking or agriculture.

One of the Energy Mobilization Board's apparent purposes would be to sidestep federal and state environmental laws. Russell Peterson, president of the National Audubon Society, was among the 136 people who met with the President during his stay at Camp David, but other prominent environmentalists had to be content with a briefing by White House assistant Katherine Schurmer following the energy speech. She promised that well-intentioned people would be put in charge of the synfuel program, prompting one listener to express a preference for a government of laws. According to an environmentalist who attended the meeting, Schurmer replied, "For energy, we're going to have government of men and women, not laws."

The Harvard Business School, which can scarcely be accused of an anti-growth bias, recently completed a six-year study that found development of synfuels to be a far less promising course than increased conservation and greater reliance on solar energy. That conclusion was reached partly on economic grounds; and indeed, there is substantial evidence that the cost and technological difficulties of developing synfuel to the point where it can possibly help ease the energy shortage will far exceed Carter's estimations. At the same time, he almost certainly has underestimated the potential rewards of conservation and solar energy.

Concern over the environment takes many forms, and even reasonable men may care little about, say, highway beautification or the survival of the snail darter. The threat to the environment and to human health inherent in Carter's energy program is not so easy to dismiss. The perils are of such magnitude that a trade-off to allow the development of synfuels might not be worthwhile under any circumstances. With better energy alternatives available, it certainly isn't worthwhile. In the President's pledge to let nothing stand in the way of his energy policies, that one word—nothing—is chilling in its finality.

CONTINUED

# ARE WE, AS A NATION, HELPLESS IN THE FACE

**N**ot if we're all willing to make sacrifices, says a group of 80 distinguished representatives of American business, labor, education, and government.

Brought together recently at Williamsburg, Virginia, they prepared a report that culminated a year-long study of inflation, sponsored by the nation's life insurance companies.

The consensus of these representatives of diverse segments of American society is that inflation can be dealt with if the American people can grasp its underlying causes and, sharing the burden equitably, make the sacrifices necessary to control it.

The report comes to several specific conclusions on ways to control inflation, including reducing government deficits, tightening monetary policy, improving the rate of productivity, and reducing government regulation.

In addition, this recommendation was made:

"Americans are deeply troubled by inflation, but there is some question as to how well they understand its causes and what is required for its solution. Such understanding is vital if progress is to be made in changing the social, psychological, and political factors contributing to inflation. We recommend that a program be undertaken to communicate this understanding."

# AS INDIVIDUALS, OF INFLATION?



Our business believes inflation is the most pressing national issue of our time. Therefore, in a series of public messages, we will discuss the problems that cause it, and what we think should be done about them.

Meantime, to help get you started thinking about the problem, we'd like to send you, without charge, a copy of the report. Write: American Council of Life Insurance, Department J, 1850 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

**Inflation. Let's Self-Control It.**

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**CLIMATE CONTROL**

Though preferable to synfuel, energy conservation won't be painless—as the Administration's new restrictions on temperatures in non-residential buildings demonstrate. The emergency regulations require that buildings be cooled no lower than 78° but hospitals, hotel guest rooms, elementary schools and rooms containing equipment that might be damaged by heat are all exempt. "Physical therapy facilities" are also exempt but "purely recreational facilities" are subject to the restrictions.

Health clubs are feeling their way with the new rules. The manager of a Manhattan club that has cardiac patients among its clientele claimed last week that the facility was entitled to maintain a temperature of 72°. But he worried about the sauna, which he conceded was a "frill." In fact, saunas apparently fell under another new rule requiring that heat be turned no higher than 65°. A Department of Energy spokesman said that unless they can be shown to be therapeutic, saunas might have to close.

The restriction on heat may cause further inconvenience next winter, but for now, the 78° limit on air-conditioning was naturally commanding more attention. In sweltering Houston, Ken Crowley, owner of the Fonden Tennis Club, an indoor facility previously cooled to about 70°, said, "It's a steam house at 78°. If I'm held to the letter of the law, it will destroy me." In Los Angeles, ex-Dodger Pitcher Al Downing emerged from a workout at the Holiday Spa to say, "The weight room was an oven." And Alan Culver, manager of Los Angeles' new Racquetball West Club, predicted that warmer temperatures would cause "tremendous damage" to the racquetball industry. Claiming that the most desirable temperature is 68°, he said, "People are going to have heat stress."

Concern also was expressed at the Seattle Kingdom, where the sensitive computer system that runs the scoreboard could malfunction if temperatures are too high. By contrast, few complaints were heard at Houston's Astrodome, although some spectators at Astro games could be seen fanning themselves—a throwback to the city's days of outdoor baseball.

Many people were doing an admirable job of coping. Instead of simply raising the temperature to 78°, Dominick Panno, manager of the Houston Indoor Tennis Center, turned it up by stages, to 74° one

day, 75° the next. The intent was to acclimate customers to higher temperatures, and the strategy seemed to be working. Panno received no complaints. Gary Shull, the manager of the Woodside Racquet Club in Westwood, Kans., noted cheerfully that after playing tennis in 78° temperatures, members were receiving less of a jolt when they stepped into 90° weather outdoors than they used to. What were members saying? Several of them patriotically asked Shull to please turn off lights in the steam room when it wasn't being used.

**HEART**

At dawn last Saturday, John Veitch, Calumet Farm's trainer, walked into his barn at Belmont Park and, as usual, went directly to Alydar. He noticed a slight swelling in the horse's right hind ankle. X rays revealed a hairline fracture of a sesamoid. The fracture is expected to take three months to mend, by which time the year's major races will be over. Alydar, a 4-year-old, was scheduled to go to stud next year. Because of his injury, the decision was made to retire him now.

Alydar will forever be associated in the public's mind with Affirmed, to whom he finished second by a total of less than two lengths in each of last year's Triple Crown races. Racegoers loved him, and Veitch thinks he knows why. The trainer says, "Barbers and bartenders and guys who sold papers admired the fact that he dug in and fought his heart out all the time. I remember going to pick up my laundry last August at Saratoga. I said, 'How much is that?' The laundress said, 'The only thing I want is a picture of Alydar.'"

**DO AS I SAY...**

In keeping with what he calls a century-old family tradition, Maryland Governor Harry Hughes is planning a two-week beach holiday this summer in Delaware. This hasn't prevented Hughes from making a radio commercial in which he assures residents of Delaware and other neighboring states, "Whatever you want to do this summer, you can have more fun doing it in Maryland."

**LEAVE IT TO BEAVER**

What was described as the first major auction of North American trophy mounts ever held in New York City took place recently at Manhattan's Christie's East. The collection, owned by Yale's

Peabody Museum, originally belonged to A. C. Gilbert, who besides being an accomplished hunter was a gymnast, magician, Olympic pole-vault champion, Yale Medical School graduate, and inventor of the Erector set, a toy construction kit popular with generations of children. The 107 trophies brought \$20,000, the highest price being \$4,000 for a fully mounted brown bear.

One of the satisfied customers was a Dayton businessman named C. (for Charles) Beaver Boyer III. Over the years Beaver Boyer has acquired 24 beaver paperweights, a dozen toy beavers and scores of sculptures and photographs of that industrious animal, and he will tell you that the beaver was the mascot of the Montreal Olympics, that Ipana toothpaste used the beaver as its symbol and that there's a nice place opening in Vail, Colo. called Beaver Trail Resort. At the New York auction he paid \$66 for a mounted beaver head that he plans to display in his living room or office. And to think that for only \$6 he could have had a white-tailed deer head.

**BACK HOME AGAIN IN INDIANA**

T-shirts went on sale in Bloomington, Ind. last week with the words FREE HONKY KNIGHT on the front and REMEMBER SAN JUAN on the back. Knight himself was showing no signs of forgetting San Juan, where his U.S. basketball team beat host Puerto Rico for the gold medal in the Pan-American Games and where he is scheduled to stand trial on Aug. 22 on charges of assaulting a policeman. In an interview with *The Indianapolis Star's* Dave Overpeck on his return to Bloomington, the Indiana coach said, "I clapped when Puerto Rico got the silver medal because that's for second place. That's how I feel about the whole place—it's second-rate."

**THEY SAID IT**

• Borch Riber, general chairman of the LPGA tournament in Mason, Ohio, where Nancy Lopez and her husband have bought a condominium near one owned by Tom Seaver and his wife: "Nancy's probably a drive and a five-iron from the Seavers. For anyone else it would be a drive and two three-irons."

• Digger Phelps, Notre Dame basketball coach, asked by old grad Carl Yazzereski when his team was finally going to win a championship: "Funny, I was about to ask you the same question."



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# ADIOS, AMIGOS!

*On his way toward the 15th green and victory, Balasteros had to struggle through the crowds that swarmed across the fairway*



*On the murderous back nine at Royal Lytham and St. Annes, Seve Ballesteros of Spain came charging out of the rough to say so long to his U.S. challengers*  
by **DAN JENKINS**

**W**elcome to the British Open. Welcome to the American graveyard. Welcome to Blackpool and the frigid Lancashire coast. And tie your head on before the wind off the Irish Sea blows it away, as it did everything else last week except dashing Severiano Ballesteros of Spain.

Every few years the Open is played at Royal Lytham and St. Annes, there as elsewhere to decide the "champion" *continued*



golfer"—as the Royal and Dandruft Golfing Society would have it. And every few years at Lytham somebody from South Africa or Australia or New Zealand or England wins. You may now add Spain to the list.

Last week an American, Hale Irwin, was all set to win it for about three days. On Saturday, in the final round, another American, Ben Crenshaw, was all set to win it for about three hours. Jack Nicklaus even had an outside chance to win it for a few minutes. But none of them came up with the special dizzy kind of game that Lytham required last week. Only 22-year-old Ballesteros was capable of that, and he saw to it that this strange old links would remain a mystery to every American who has tried to conquer it since Bobby Jones beat Lytham in 1926.

Ballesteros, the youngest British Open champion in 86 years, won with brute strength, a deft putting touch and incomparable luck at finding his ball in trampled-down broom, scrub willow, bluebells and heather. But he didn't actually nail down the coffin lid on his American challengers until the final holes of a wild last round.

The tournament began, as British Opens are apt to, with the emergence of a character. At Lytham it was Bill Longmuir of the lorry-driving, personality-contest-dazzling, Nigerian Open-winning, non-golfing Longmuirs. Longmuir became the big story of the opening

round on Wednesday by shooting a 65 from out of nowhere and taking a three-stroke lead on Irwin.

There seem always to be Longmuirs in the British Open, each of whom quickly disappears into the gorse. But they are fun while they last. This Longmuir, a devilishly handsome 26-year-old, was more fun than most, and he hung in there longer than most. On Saturday he was only five shots back before shooting an 82 to finish 30th. In 1976 he had won the Nigerian Open while a small war was going on there. "We were told to play gingerly around the 12th hole, which was near the army barracks and the rifle fire, you see," he said. Earlier that year, Longmuir drove a furniture lorry, and in his ventures into personality contests he had won the titles of Mr. Basildon and Mr. Talk of the South. In one such contest he was required to teach a golf swing to a professional stripper named Fiona Richards. "It was quite nice standing behind her," he said. And how was her swing? "Rather lumpy."

The gallery at Lytham also had a distinctive personality. Blackpool is a resort catering to the workman on holiday and he was out on the links in force. There were record crowds, even in the horrid weather—it was wet as well as cold and windy—and they became more mob-like as the tournament progressed. They tore over the crosswalks, spilled out of the grandstands, shouted, cheered and

even jeered at players they had not bet on. A pub behind the ninth green was a rowdy place indeed, where the competitors often heard calls of "Miss it! Miss it!" as they bent over their putts.

Irwin gave the blokes his fist on Friday as he struggled through the third round, trying to fight off Ballesteros and the weather. Sally, his wife, smoldered all the way around Lytham in anger, saying later, "Heckling is cheating."

No American has ever been heard to say that he likes Lytham, which may have something to do with why no American has won there since Jones. Lytham appears to be the special province of the world at large: Ballesteros, South Africa's Bobby Locke (1952), Australia's Peter Thomson (1958), New Zealand's Bob Charles (1963), England's Tony Jacklin (1969) and then South African Gary Player (1974), who that year was not preoccupied with having a son playing in the threesome ahead of him. Wayne Player, 17 and feisty, was one of only two amateurs to survive the first cut at Lytham. He is a talented young golfer who has not only inherited his father's competitive nature (on the first day he shot a 75 to Gary's 77) but also has already learned how to brighten up for cameras.

Lytham's front nine and back nine are as different as two halves of a golf course can be. The front goes downward along a railway track, surrendering birdies like pork pies, weirdly featuring par-3 holes at the first and ninth and back-to-back par 5s reachable with a seven-iron. But the course turns homeward with a series of par 4s you often can't get near with cannons, and the competitor at Lytham learns to think of par as 33-38 instead of the 35-36 it is meant to play to. On top of all this, Lytham's narrow fairways and tiny greens make it the most confining of all the British Open courses.

As graveyards go, there has seldom been one in golf like Lytham's back nine last week. Only once was it bruised, and that was on Thursday when Ballesteros fired his own 65, a round electrified by the four birdies he made over the last five holes. Ballesteros managed it with a combination of bold play and luck, chipping in for one birdie at the murderous 15th, holing a long putt at the murderous 17th and getting destiny's bounce for a gimme three at the 18th, which sits hard by the gin drinkers in the old red-brick clubhouse.

From the beginning it seemed likely

Bekesched Davis led for three final-round holes. Bepattered Irwin led for two days before the fall





that Saturday's last few holes would settle things. Quite obviously a man could lose or gain enormous ground from, say, the 12th hole to the clubhouse warmth, particularly over the last four holes. Anyone within four strokes of the leader with four holes to play had a right to think of himself as a serious contender.

The round began with Irwin two strokes ahead of Ballesteros, three ahead of Nicklaus and a mustachioed Englishman named Mark James, four ahead of Crenshaw and a beknickered Australian named Rodger Davis, and five ahead of Tom Watson. The Americans appeared to be in good shape. If Irwin succumbed to the cold and wind—he wore two sweaters, a shirt and “intimate apparel” underneath against that risk—Nicklaus, Crenshaw and Watson were poised. In the first three days Nicklaus had lost 10 strokes to par on the back nine alone, but how long could that continue? Crenshaw was playing superbly, flirting with low rounds all the way. Watson was always a possibility. And, in any case, Irwin had proven himself a durable front-runner as recently as June, when he won the U.S. Open.

So there was enough American talent to derail the Spaniard. But Irwin promptly double-bogeyed the second hole and began working his way to a 78; Watson double-bogeyed the third and the seventh and started his unemery trek toward a miserable 81; and Nicklaus bogeyed the fourth, ensuring that getting a 72 was going to be uphill all the way. Only his perseverance on the back nine enabled him to become a runner-up in the British Open for the seventh time.

Despite these disasters, for a long while it looked as if another American, the appealing Crenshaw, might finally win his first major title after coming so close in the past. Through 13 holes he was three under par on the round. Even after a sloppy bogey at the 14th, he was tied with Ballesteros for the lead on the 17th tee, still two under on the day, and one could hear again what Jerry Pate had said to Crenshaw the previous evening: “Gentle, you’re my pick tomorrow. I believe you can rope-a-dope that old hook of yours right into victory lane.” Pate had put three different sports into one sentence, proving he was from Alabama. Yet toward the end what he said seemed prophetic. But Crenshaw mis-clubbed himself out of the rough on the 17th, hit into a bunker, then into another, then



*Ballesteros made repeated excursions into the rough, but he always found a way to the green.*

missed a short putt, and the consequent double bogey reeled him to 71. It was a fine score, just as his previous rounds of 72, 71 and 72 had been. But it was only good enough to leave him in a tie with Nicklaus at 286.

It was over that horrible last stretch of holes that Ballesteros put his own mark on the tournament. He kept driving the ball prodigious distances to out-of-the-way places. But he always seemed to find it, and most often when he arrived on the greens he dropped his putts. History must record that Ballesteros played Saturday's last seven holes in one under par—indeed, he played the last four holes in one under par while catastrophe befell the rest.

With his strength and putting touch, there is no telling how many British Opens Ballesteros can win now that he knows how. There are no tall trees to keep him from driving the ball all over the landscape without having some kind of shot left to the green. On the day Seve shot his 63, he did not hit a tee shot into a fairway—on the “cut part,” as they say—until the 14th hole. He can get away with that on British Open courses, not in America.

Those last few holes on Saturday were typical of how Ballesteros plays golf. He was nowhere near the par-3 12th green after a soaring two-iron that wanted to

go to Ireland but his a steep bank. He pitched up and rolled in a five-foot putt for par. He was nowhere near the cup with his second shot at the 13th, but he holed a 20-footer for a birdie. He drove into a car park at 16 and got a free drop—then made a birdie. He drove wildly into undentifiable flora on the 17th, gouged his way short of the green and chipped 12 feet past the hole, but he rapped the putt in for a routine par. And that was the championship. Those were the shots—along with Crenshaw's calamity—that gave him his three-shot lead. His par 4 at the 18th was a celebration. His final-round 70 and his 283 total were proof positive that accuracy at Lytham is not necessarily a virtue.

Earlier in the week Ballesteros had said, “We should play British Open without fairways, then I come close to win.” After the victory, with his three brothers weeping with joy, he said, “I don’t aim for the rough, it just goes there. My caddie tell me close the eyes and hit it. Maybe I go into fairway.”

The fact is, with his driver Ballesteros hit nine fairways—nine—in 72 holes of golf. He hit one on Saturday. One. They had played a British Open without fairways after all. At least they weren't necessary for Ballesteros, whose style of golf matched Lytham perfectly and kept it an American graveyard.



Oslo, Oslo," said Steve Scott the evening before the Golden Mile, looking across the city's birches and granite and deep green fjord. "All year the milers have been saying, 'Oslo in mid-July,' the way they knew the indoor race of the year would be in San Diego."

That common accord had led to last week's remarkable gathering of the world's best middle-distance men, including John Walker, New Zealand's mile world-record holder at 3:49.4, Ireland's Eamonn Coghlan, the winner of that anticipated race in San Diego with an indoor-record 3:52.6; and England's Sebastian Coe, who had slashed Alberto Juantorena's 800-meter world record by one second with a 1:42.4 only 12 days earlier, also on Oslo's Bislett Stadium track.

For Scott, the AAU champion whose slowest mile this year had been 3:57, the appeal of the competition lay in its opportunity for non-Olympic abandon. "I don't care who wins," he said. "I just want to run fast. To do that you need guys who will throw caution to the winds, the way they won't when everybody is just trying to win."

Coghlan, who ran the year's fastest

## A GLITTERING RUN IN A GOLDEN MILE

*England's Sebastian Coe shattered the record for the mile with a 3:49 that crushed a star-studded field in Oslo*

by KENNY MOORE

outdoor mile, a 3:52.9 at Philadelphia in June, had shown his stamina by winning the British 5,000-meter championship in a personal-best 13:23.6 just three days before. In that same meet Coe was second in the 400 with a 46.87, competent, to be sure, but not in a class with Juantorena's 44.26 speed—a fact in his favor, said Walker. "Most fast 800-meter men are like Juantorena, quarter-milers moving up," he said. "But Coe has all the attributes of a pure miler. He ran that record 800 on strength, not speed. He is the only man in the field capable of the record, so I bloody well hope

something happens to slow him down."

Few, however, were planning on a conservative pace. Craig Masback, two years out of Princeton and studying quasi-autonomous non-governmental organizations (QUANGOS) at Trinity College, Oxford, resorted to statistics to show that all milers should be running faster. "If the people who ran 3:39 or better for 1,500 meters—about 50 last year—ran miles, at least 30 would run 3:55. But only about 10 did, so I don't have much respect for mile times." Even, one must assume, his own, although in the last two years Masback had lowered his mile time from 4:01 to 3:54.7.

These men and others, most notably West Germany's Dr. Thomas Wessinghage and England's Dave Moorcroft, the British Commonwealth Games' 1,500-meter champion, were brought to Oslo by the Dubai connection. Following the

*The lineup: Lacy, Robinson, Williamson, Scott, Takahashi, Hall, Masback, Moorcroft, Wessinghage, Coe, Coghlan, Walker and Bjorge Rudolf*

same urge to be identified with Western sport that has Saudi Arabia sponsoring Grand Prix cars, Dubai, an Arab emirate, at first hoped to stage an international meet of its own but was persuaded that its incessant wind and 100° heat would discourage stellar performances. So last year a deal was struck whereby Dubai gave the International Amateur Athletic Federation some \$400,000, and in return the IAAF agreed to stage eight world-class events in selected meets over three years. The first Golden Mile, a more modest affair in Tokyo last September, was won by England's Steve Ovett in 3:55.5. This year there has been a Golden Javelin Throw in Hungary; the best sprinters will gather in Zurich in August; and the finest 10,000-meter runners will meet in Brussels in September.

In organizing these events, the IAAF puts the arm on its national affiliates—the AAU in the case of the U.S.—to come up with their best performers, a kind of leverage no single meet promoter ever has enjoyed. Thus, when the invitations went out for the Oslo mile, all but one were accepted. The dramatic exception was Ovett, indisputably the outdoor miler over the past two seasons and the 1977 World Cup 1,500-meter champion. After winning the British 1,500 in 3:39.1, Ovett declared that he would not be coming to Norway. "I have nothing to prove," he said, adding that, without him, whoever won in Oslo would have but "a hollow victory." By his absence, though, the mercurial Ovett only heightened the pitch, for as several milers said, the only thing that Ovett would be missing was the chance for a world record.

Certainly the site could not have been better chosen. Over the years 32 world records have been set at Bislett Stadium. Its history is that of the wrenching breakthroughs by which the sport is advanced. In 1955 in Oslo, Belgium's Roger Moens finally broke the 1:46.6 800-meter record of Germany's great Rudolf Harbig, which had stood for 16 years. In 1965, Ron Clarke of Australia ran his finest race

to tear 36 seconds from the world 10,000-meter record. The Bislett track records are the world records at 800 meters (Coe's 1:42.4), 1,000 meters (Rick Wohlhuter's 2:13.9), 2,000 meters (Walker's 4:51.4), and 3,000 meters (Henry Rono's 7:32.1). At 1,500 meters, Walker's track record of 3:32.4 is but .2 of a second off Filbert Bayi's world record.

The explanation for this sustained outpouring of excellence has little to do with the track. Before 1971, Bislett's cinders were nothing special, and its present artificial surface is patched and worn. Rather, a joining of crowd and competitors has become traditional, the close stands bringing the spectators right down on the runners, the history of records in this special place creating an electric atmosphere of expectation in which the mind's limits may be briefly cast off.

It was after a day of slanting summer sun and cool forest breezes that 16,173 of the Oslo faithful packed into Bislett with noisy anticipation. They were aroused further by a ceremony in which Coe, graceful and cheerful and nevertheless, received a medal for his 800-meter record from his father and coach, Peter Coe.

The early events were inspiring. Edwin Moses ran 47.67 in the 400-meter hurdles, only .22 of a second off his world record and the best time in the world this year. Rod Dixon of New Zealand won a splendid 8:15.2 two-mile from England's Brendan Foster, and Norway's Grete Waitz ran the second-fastest 3,000 meters ever by a woman, 8:31.8.

A faint tang floated from the nearby Frydenlund brewery—"Bislett's real secret," said one Norwegian runner—as the 13 milers, after putting up with five minutes of hyped introductions for television, went to the line.

Coe's thoughts were clear. "My father and I had sat down and chatted about it," he said later. "We felt, with a field like this, I wouldn't have to make many decisions. It would be stupid to lead, but no matter how fast the race went, I knew I wasn't going to be run out. So I would get a good position and be happy with whatever was going on."

To avoid the inevitable pushing on the first turn, Coe led for 100 meters. Then

he was passed by Wisconsin's Steve Lacy, who had volunteered as rabbit after being sick a few days earlier. A 3:54.7 miler and a proud competitor, he said, "It is something I won't do again." But he did his job well, passing 400 meters in just under 57 seconds, with Scott second and a little gap opening to Wessinghage and Coe and the pack. At the rear was Coghlan; he had to pass six runners in the next 200 meters just to reach the middle of the pack, and the effort tired him. "I couldn't hear the splits because of the crowds roaring," he said, "but I knew I was going faster than I ever have, and here were all these men in front of me."

Lacy and Scott hit 800 meters in 1:54.0, Coe in 1:54.5. In his world-record run, Walker had been 1:55.1 at 880

continued



Coe left Scott behind at the start of the last lap

yards. "I was upset at myself for not being more aggressive," said Walker. "But, my God, I was 1:55.5 at the half."

Even before Lacy pulled off the track after 800 meters, Scott had felt strangely lonely, unaware of the struggles behind him. "I was always where I wanted to be," he said, "but it seemed like it was just the two of us doing the work as usual." With Lacy gone it was just Scott, and he ran as hard as he ever has, stretching the field, wrecking Coghlan's hope of catching up. Only Coe stayed with him. Coghlan finally attained third with 600 meters to run, but was still far behind the leaders.

With 500 meters left, Coe came even with Scott. As he did, he looked behind to check their margin. It was almost a casual movement, without a trace of strain. His arms were loose and relaxed. Of his economy of movement at high speed he would say afterward, "I run unconsciously, as if I am on automatic pilot. I am afraid it is something you have or you don't." Masback felt that Coe was running "with confidence tempered with humility. He'd done what he had to do to be in a position to win a race."

Coe had the lead at 1,200 meters in 2:52.0. He heard no splits throughout the race, but Walker, in fifth, heard this one. "I said to myself, 'Well, it's gone.'"

Around the last lap, Coe moved steadily away from Scott, who was straining, upright and stiff, to stay close. By contrast, Coe never labored, never imparted anything but a sense of boyish enjoyment. He looked around at least nine times in all, and though he said, "That's called fear," he admitted he was not nearly as tired at the finish as he had been at the end of his record 800.

He won by 15 meters in a world-record 3:48.95, which will go into the record books as 3:49. Behind him, Scott drove himself all out, never letting the runners in back of him approach within eight yards. Then, inexplicably, he slowed before he crossed the line. "I walked across, which cost me a lot," he said later in disgust. It had, because his time was 3:51.11 on the electronic phototimer, .01 of a second slower than Jim Ryun's 12-year-old American record. "It must be wrong," Scott raged, and indeed all the unofficial hand-held watches—usually a tenth or two faster—had him in 3:50.8. Worse yet,

because Ryun's record was hand-timed only, Scott surely ran faster, but his time will not be official.

In third was Masback. "I may be wrong, but I think I was in last place with 250 meters to go," he said. "I ran an awful race. Steve stuck his nose in there and raced, but all I can say is that I ran. As I settled into my rhythm I began to fall back—a failure of concentration. The only redeeming factor was that I was on the inside." Sprinting the last 200 faster than anyone else, Masback finished in 3:52.1, the third-best ever by an American.

Coghlan was fourth in 3:52.5, a personal best. After recovering, he walked about the infield saying, "Awesome. Simply awesome."

Scotland's John Robson was fifth in 3:52.8, and Walker was sixth in 3:52.9. After a moment's deserved profanity, Walker took the loss of his world record like a statesman. "It had to happen," he said. "I'm glad to have had the chance to be in the race. I'm only disappointed I couldn't contribute more. Only Scotty got out and ran. The rest of us all stuffed around." He noted that Coe is now the





*Coe paraded in triumph with the Union Jack on a makeshift staff.*

first holder of both the 800 and mile records since New Zealand's Peter Snell in the early '60s, then offered his and his country's highest praise, saying, "I think Coe would win the double against Snell."

Foster, who has held world records of his own, appeared beside Walker and put an arm on his shoulder. "They are meant to be broken," he said.

"They are," said Walker in fierce assent.

Seventh in a world-junior-record 3:53.2 was England's Graham Williamson, 19, who had thrown a shoe on the last turn, a point at which he had gotten as high as third. Wessinghage was eighth in 3:53.3, Moorcroft was ninth in 3:54.4, and Australia's Ken Hall 10th in 3:55.3.

When asked if he believed that without his friend Overt the race had rung hollow, Coe cited that spectacular depth of performance. "Three fifty-five for 10th place," he said. "I can't see that anyone who ran tonight, who contributed to the greatest mile in history, could possibly consider his race a hollow effort. The results say it all. What would have hap-

*Flooding down the stretch, Coe finished 15 meters ahead of Scott, who just missed a U.S. record.*

pened if Steve had run is too hypothetical for me to guess."

On learning the news, a temporarily abashed Overt said only, "It was a great piece of work."

A calm and organized young man, the 22-year-old Coe has just taken a degree in economics and social history from Loughborough University in Leicestershire, where he will return for graduate study. He is 5' 9½", 129 pounds and a Yorkshireman (as was the last British holder of the mile record, Derek Ibbotson) from Sheffield. His father is manager of a cutlery factory when he is not coaching Seb, as he is called, or "Sebo," which sounds vaguely like a conglomerate.

Sitting in a dim restaurant some hours after the mile, having escaped for a moment a baying pack of British journalists, Coe and his father reflected on the faraway beginnings that had led to this surplus of glory. "When he was in an age-group race, oh, years ago," said Peter Coe, "he was a year younger than the rest, and I told him to go along at the pace he knew he could hold. And he said, 'What will that get me?' And I said, 'Maybe sixth,' and he said, 'That's not for me, I'm running with the leaders.' Which he did for half a mile, then fell way back. He came to me, apologetic after, and I said, 'No, it was good. You have learned how fast you have to run for two laps. Now you've got to put together four.' That was the basic lesson and it stuck. He has always had the discipline to play to his own strength and, as he's improved, to run in a way that means using it all."

In his 800 record, Coe ran his first 200 in 24.6, his last in 27, slowly dying. In last year's European championship 800, he burned the first 400 in 49.3, losing in the end to East Germany's Olaf Beyer and Overt. "Of course it was extravagant," said his smiling father, who long has valued courage over victories.

"People have labeled me a front-run-

ner, which is incorrect if they mean I feel I must always be in the lead," said Seb Coe. "I've always worked through even splits, or tried to, but as they've been ambitious, I've been up front, necessarily, to run them. It's not that I'm trying to stamp my personal mark on a race. It's just that I'm trying to spread it evenly."

In that light, Coe's mile was something of an exception to his usual way of running. His acknowledged ease over the last lap suggested that, world record or not, 3:48.95 is nowhere near his limit.

"My clearest memory of the day," Coe said, savoring it, "is of the tremendous atmosphere among all the milers. Obviously we're each out to ruin everyone else on the track, but we've been genuine friends throughout." The mood of the event, he felt, was fierce without being grave. "This is what athletics is all about—Bislett tonight, not a once-every-four-years thing."

"Seize the moment," said his father.

"Yes, because there is only one certainty in all this," said Coe, his voice filled with the echoes of all record breakers, past and future. "Some month, some year, if I don't try, some other bloke will."

END

*Coach Peter Coe basked in his son's glory.*



## HOPING FOR THE BEST, EXPECTING THE WORST

*Red Sox fans, still in shock over last year, are certain the team will win the 1979 pennant. Probably. Well, maybe*  
by LARRY KEITH



A father and his son came to Fenway Park last week to watch the Red Sox play baseball. "We listen on the radio all the time back home," the father said. "Back home" could have been Millinocket, Maine or Brattleboro, Vt. or Woonsocket, R.I. He did not say and it did not matter. It was only important that they were there, pilgrims at the shrine. The son could wear his mail-order batting helmet and the father could fill out a major league scorecard and together they could cheer New England's own.

"This is the year," said the son.

"Let's not set our hopes too high," said the father.

Ah, summer in Boston! Office workers strolled through the Common. Joggers beat a path beside the Charles. Tourists walked the Freedom Trail. And in Fenway Park fans held their breath, hoped for the best and expected the worst.

After the All-Star Game the Sox reopened their pursuit of the first-place Baltimore Orioles, and when they beat Seattle 7-1, while the Orioles were losing the first game of a doubleheader to California, they were only one game off the lead. Their 57-32 won-lost record was the second best in the major leagues and would have put them roughly four games ahead of the Angels, 5½ ahead of Montreal and 6½ ahead of Houston, the leaders in the other three divisions.

But, having given Fenway fans visions of overtaking Baltimore and moving into first place on the weekend, the Red Sox instead offered sickening memories of past disappointments, losing 8-0 to Seattle on Friday night and 13-5 on Saturday before rallying on Sunday to beat California 6-5 in the 10th, after a game-tying Dwight Evans home run in the ninth. Meanwhile, Baltimore, having beaten California in the second half of

that doubleheader, rattled off three more quick wins, so that by Sunday night the Oriole lead was up to 3½. Throughout New England, Red Sox fans braced themselves for still another case of the worst.

Of course the granddaddy of all nightmare seasons was last year. It was a four-act drama worthy of a Greek tragedy. The Big Lead. The Great Collapse. The Stirring Rally. The Ultimate Defeat. Interestingly, the team and the fans reacted to the experience quite differently. "Everybody thought I was disappointed," says Manager Don Zimmer. "I wasn't. When a team can win 99 games, that's not a big disappointment. I can name 21 other managers who would love to have been in a playoff."

Outwardly, at least, the team's supporters took the defeat much harder. Second Baseman Jerry Remy recalls, "If you had listened to the fans on one of those



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENZ KLUTMEIER

*You can't tell these Fenway kids competing for Eckersley's autograph that the Red Sox won't win*

on any of half a dozen phone-in talk shows whether they know what they are talking about or not. Very often, of course, they don't. Last week one caller took Jim Rice to task because "Reggie Jackson looks better striking out than he does." Better work on that, Jim.

"From my standpoint, this kind of interest is the greatest thing in the world," says Bill Crowley, the Red Sox' director of public relations. "It fills the joint up. We don't need giveaway promotions or guys in bird costume or dogs that catch Frisbees. Here, the game is the product, and we drew 2.3 million people, which is beautiful. Still, everybody seems to think he owns the club or knows how to manage better than Zammer."

At different times over the years Boston fans have singled out some of the team's biggest stars for criticism, players like Ted Williams and Carl Yastrzemski. These days their favorite target seems to be Mike Torrez, who was the losing pitcher in last year's playoff. When Tor-

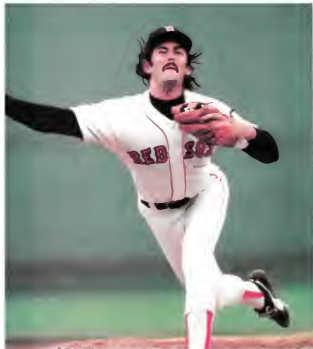
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radio phone-in shows after the one-game playoff with the Yankees, you'd have thought we finished last. The next day a guy at a gas station told me I had cost him \$10. I reminded him it probably cost me \$25,000. But it shows that the players aren't the only ones who care."

Boston fans probably care more about their team than any other partisans in baseball. Attendance at Fenway Park the past six years has averaged 1.85 million, the best in the league, and this year the Sox are drawing 29,000 a game with a seating capacity of only 33,538. That obsessive interest is the reason why 77 radio stations in seven states carry Red Sox games and why some 40 radio, television, newspaper and wire-service representatives cover most home games. In addition, fans can damn or praise their heroes



*Manager Zimmer and Catcher Fisk, waiting for a reliever, were wearing that second place look*



*Eckersley, not nearly as wild as his hair would indicate, has 10 victories, while Rice, down and out only for the moment, is still a menace with a bat*



#### RED SOX continued

rez was removed from his third straight game in a loss to Seattle last week, one fan declared. "The Yankees knew what they were doing when they traded this turkey to the Red Sox. He hasn't pitched a good game since he's been here." Never mind, of course, that Torrez came to Boston in the free-agent reentry draft or that he won 16 games last year and has won nine already this season.

Boston fans can also be harsh on one of their own, Catcher Carlton Fisk, a native New Englander from New Hampshire, recalls the verbal beating he took for being a holdout in 1976. "Some people even said that my holdout was the reason Mr. Yawkey [former owner Tom Yawkey] died," Fisk says.

Remy remembers going to Red Sox games as a kid from his home in Fall River, Mass. and hearing Vasitzemski booed. "I never booed, because my dad always told me how good the players had to be just to reach the majors." Remy says. "When I hear guys like Torrez being booed today I feel for them, but you can't tell the fans to stop."

But Shortstop Rick Burleson would not seem to have much to complain about. When he leads off every game, he is warmly greeted. Nevertheless, he harbors very strong feelings about Boston fans. By his account, they are motivated by two seemingly contradictory emotions. Burleson says, on the one hand, "There is a lot of pressure in this town to win. People expect it of us and if we don't it creates a difficult situation." On the other hand, Burleson says, the fans are also "negative, very pessimistic. People are just waiting for us to collapse. They don't believe we can win."

A player doesn't have to be a veteran to catch on that the local populace is hard to please. Pitcher Steve Renko picked it up soon after he arrived this year, but he has managed to turn public opinion in his favor. Boston fans were not exactly thrilled when he was obtained via the reentry draft after leaving Oakland. They would have preferred to keep old favorites Bill Lee and Luis Tiant, who are now pitching for Montreal and the Yankees, respectively, or for the club to have signed free agent Tommy John, who is now also with New York. Instead they got Renko, a 10-year veteran with a losing career record and a high earned run average. "The fans expect a lot and they are hard to please," says Renko, who has an 8-4 record. "I was only hoping that I

*continued*



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# FORD

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could make a contribution. Instead, I'm having a good year."

Not as good as his teammates feel, though. They have won 13 of the 18 games Renko has started, including a 2-0 win over Oakland in which he allowed only a ninth-inning single. His excellence has helped compensate for Torrez' inconsistency and the absence of a dependable fifth starter, problems that may take their toll later on. But there is nothing wrong at the top of the rotation, because, as Zimmer says, "Eckersley will be Eckersley." That could mean a second straight 20-victory season for Dennis. He marked the halfway point last week by beating Seattle 7-1, holding the Mariners to six hits and sinking out seven.

Boston has also gotten strong pitching from Bob Stanley, who is 3-1 as a reliever and 8-5 as a starter. With Stanley in the rotation, the relief burden falls on Dick Drago (seven wins and five saves) and Bill Campbell (two wins, eight saves). Campbell is still not the pitcher he was in 1976 and '77, but at least he can throw the

curveball he could not use at all last year because of a sore arm.

Hitting, unlike pitching, has seldom been lacking in Boston, and this year the Red Sox are swinging even better. Their current team average of .283 is 16 points higher than last year's and is tops in the division. Fred Lynn leads the league in home runs with 24 and he is second in RBIs with 77. Rice ranks in the league's top five in seven categories.

Lynn and Rice have gotten plenty of support from Remy, who was hitting .304 when he was disabled on July 1, and Third Baseman Butch Hobson, who has 14 home runs and 53 RBIs. And Hobson no longer throws the ball all over Fenway Park, as he was wont to do last year when an elbow in which bone chips rattled caused him to commit 43 errors. This year he has made 11.

The Red Sox attack became even more formidable on June 13 when the team acquired Designated Hitter-First Baseman Bob Watson from Houston. Despite a .299 career average in 10 years with the

Astros, he was riding the bench with a .239 average when the trade was made. Watson believes that that low average was the result of a typically slow start and he was bound to revive no matter where he played. The Red Sox are only too happy the revival occurred in Boston, where his average has soared to .354 and where he has hit in 23 of 32 games.

Watson says that from the distant perspective of the National League he had "always marveled at the type of lineup Boston had. I thought it would be nice to be surrounded by a club like that."

It isn't just teammates who surround a player in Boston, though. It is the prying media and the demanding fans and the tradition of disappointment. The Red Sox won 196 games in 1977 and 1978, the best consecutive two-year total in club history, but they have nothing but aggravation to show for it. They come back for more because, as Fisk says, "If the human body recognized agony and frustration, people would never run marathons, have babies or play baseball."

END



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claimer would sound like so much pious nonsense. Not from Tiff. The fact is, he could barely walk until he was eight, and not normally until he was almost 13. "I don't get upset over losses," he says. "I'm happy just to be walking."

As a child Tiff contracted what was probably polio (it was never positively diagnosed) and spent his first seven years stumbling around his parents' house in the posh Cleveland suburb of Shaker Heights. Even now his calves are only partially filled out, and this causes him embarrassment. "I don't like to take my pants off," he says. "Every time I do, people stare at me and feel sorry. My legs don't look right."

Unable to perform normal physical acts while a child, Tiff began to re-create them in art. He spent hours each day drawing human beings standing correctly, well-muscled galloping horses, or splendid birds in flight. At age 10 he made his first sale, a da Vinci-style sketch of the hind legs of a deer running. That led to a career in painting. Today Tiff supports himself as an artist, charging up to \$3,500 for a painting.

But drawing robust animals was not enough. Tiff put mirrors on all four walls of his room and stared endlessly at himself from all angles. Instead of seeing a scrawny, malformed child, Tiff visualized himself as high jumper John Thomas or sprinter Frank Budd. Mostly, he imagined himself as Jesse Owens, who had run on the same sprint relay team as his father, Benjamin, years before at East Technical High School in Cleveland. "I'd just stand in front of those mirrors, trying to find an answer," he says. "As an artist I could duplicate any image put in front of me. I was trying to do that to myself, to make myself stand and walk like everybody else. I'd do exercises all day

long, like trying to touch my toes. I said to myself, 'One day you'll be the best at touching your toes, and then you'll show that to everybody.'"

While Tiff had trouble putting two normal steps together, in his imagination he was already performing astonishing athletic feats. He fancied himself a superhuman hopscotch player. "The kids would draw a hopscotch diagram in dimensions they could deal with, depending on their size," he says. "They'd throw the sandbag and jump from one small square to the next. All I could do was dream about jumping and running. So I'd go onto the street and draw my own hopscotch squares. They'd say, 'Your squares are too big. We can't jump from one to another.' I'd say, 'What are you talking about? I can.' And my squares got bigger and bigger, until they were as big as the street. That was the perspective I wanted to play in."

After his eighth birthday, something marvelous began to happen to Milan Tiff. His legs started to develop. By the time he was 13, they had straightened out. Tiff recalls the triumph of sailing clear outside the pit in a ninth-grade long-jump test. He first took up the triple jump in the summer of 1967. Within a year, as an 18-year-old senior at Shaker Heights High School, he uncorked a jump of 49' 11"—at the time the third-longest triple jump in high school history.

Tiff's physical turnaround surprised his father as much as anyone. "He was so skinny I didn't pay much attention to him athletically," Benjamin says. "All of a sudden he just blossomed." Tiff went on to win an NCAA indoor triple-jump title in 1970 while enrolled at Miami of Ohio, and two years later he transferred to UCLA, where in 1973 he won the NCAA outdoor crown. He

*continued*

**W**aves of heat rise from the parched foothills behind the stadium. Down on the field, the athletes lie in varying angles of repose, many with their sweat clothes off, awaiting the start of the Mount San Antonio College Relays in the small Southern California town of Walnut. As the sprinters begin casual stretching and the shotputters leisurely flex their muscles, a group of lonely-looking, long-legged, thin-waisted young men are beginning to compete in perhaps the oddest of all field events—the triple jump. One by one the jumpers dash down the runway, spring from the take-off board and strain their bodies skyward, and come to earth with a loud *thwack*. They take off again, land again, *thwack*, and finally hurl themselves into the landing pit. Each athlete resembles an ignorant ostrich attempting to fly.

In this group is 29-year-old Milan Tiff, who for the better part of a decade has been one of America's top triple jumpers. Tiff leads the field after the qualifying round. But in the finals he fouls on his first jump and produces a maddling effort on his second. Before his third and final try he strips off his sweats, revealing two sorry-looking legs, and walks to the head of the runway. Suddenly he is churning forward, knees reaching for his chest, gasping audibly. And then he goes into his routine. At each of the three takeoffs his arms shoot up and forward like wings; an instant before each landing they are thrust behind as in the breaststroke. Tiff's jump is announced as 56' 1¼", the day's winner by almost a foot.

As he picks up his trophy Tiff turns to an acquaintance and announces, "This plaque is nice to get, but I don't care about winning. I compete for exercise and the fun of it. I find the movements exhilarating." From anyone else this dis-

**On reflection, Milan Tiff says he is the best triple jumper of all. And because he thought he would never walk, Tiff wants to fly—all the way to a gold medal in the Moscow Olympics**

## MIRROR, MIRROR...

by LOWELL COHN





MILAN TIFF *continued*

has also won three AAU titles (indoor and outdoor), his finest moment coming in 1977 when he leapt 57'  $\frac{1}{4}$ ". It would have been an American record had it not been wind-assisted.

Despite these feats, Tiff may be the least-known track and field star in the U.S. The reason is obvious: he's a triple jumper. Compared to its big brother, the long jump, the triple has long been the orphan of American field events. It was not even included in the NCAA championship meet on a continuous basis until 1959. American interest in the event has been so halfhearted that the last time a U.S. citizen won an Olympic gold medal in the triple jump was 1904, when one Myer Prinstein jumped 47' 1". Before James Butts took the silver in Montreal, an American hadn't won a medal in the triple jump since 1928. The current rec-

ord of 58'  $\frac{3}{4}$ " was set by João Oliveira of Brazil in 1975. Viktor Saneyev of the Soviet Union has won the Olympic gold medal the last three Games in a row.

Until recently, when superior athletes like Tiff, Butts and Ron Livers began to concentrate on it, Americans regarded the triple jump as a variation on the long jump. But the triple, still known to some by its old name, the hop, step and jump, is radically different from the long jump and requires a complex technique all its own. After a running start of about 140 feet, each contestant makes three explosive jumps. After the first jump he must land on the same foot used for the initial takeoff, after the second on the opposite foot, and after the third on both feet. This is no cakewalk. The coordination of the three phases is so difficult that dabblers and first-timers find themselves flailing down the runway like ice skaters about to take a tumble. Unlike the long

jump, the triple requires legs of equal strength. It also demands that the athlete work out a compromise among three elements of execution: if a jumper goes too far on the hop or step, he will find himself out of sync for what follows. The triple jump's special problems make instant success unlikely.

Why then would Tiff, who has the potential to be a 7-foot high jumper and 26-foot long jumper, devote himself to this difficult, involved and unappreciated event? When asked that question, he answers like a true artist. "Triple jump is hopscotch with a larger perspective," he says. "I picked it because visually it's a kid's game; it's played every day." One senses, however, that for Tiff the appeal goes beyond esthetics. Consider his description of the sensations: "I'm coming down the runway, and I'm counting. It takes me 16 strides [a stride for Tiff is about nine feet] to get to the takeoff



*Hop, step and jump: after initial takeoff (right) Tiff lands on right foot, the same he used for takeoff. On his second jump, he lands on left foot, leaps once more and makes final landing on both feet*

board. As I hit the 10th stride I say, "Now start propelling. Feel like you're a prop plane. When you hit the board, spin the propeller as hard as you can, and the motor will go *beerr*. And boom! you're gone, just like a plane."

Or think about his reasons for preferring the triple to the long jump: "I didn't do long jump because it's too easy. To just take off and come down is all right. But to take off, come down, and go right back up is special. Take a rock and throw it on the water, and watch it skip three or four times across the surface. There's something that hypnotizes you about that. Triple jump is the same thing, only you're hurling yourself through the air. You're actually flying!"

Indeed, the triple jump is the closest thing to flying in all of track and field. Except for two brief contacts with the ground after the initial takeoff, a world-class triple jumper projects himself

through the air well over 50'. And why would Milan Tiff want to fly? One doesn't need the insight of a Freud to find the answer, because he thought he would never walk. "When I was a child I wanted to enter another realm beyond my physical handicaps," he says. "Triple jumping is a way of burying the past. When I'm jumping, the past doesn't exist anymore. I'm flying like Peter Pan."

With an attitude so insightful, it is not at all surprising that Tiff should have selected the legendary Bob Beamon to be his coach. Perhaps "coach" is not the correct word. Tiff is fond of saying, "Beamon teaches me the mystical aspects of the event." Beamon, of course, is the man who stunned the track and field world when he long-jumped 29' 2½" in the 1968 Olympics. Beamon's jump is quite possibly the greatest achievement in track and field history.

It took Tiff two months to get up the nerve to approach Beamon. Finally, he said to himself, "I'm the best triple-jump mind on the planet (modesty is not one of Tiff's failings), but even the best mind needs someone to talk to." He went up to Beamon and said, "You know, I'm the first 60-foot jumper." Sixty feet is considered an unreachable barrier in the triple jump, just as four minutes once was in the mile. "Beamon said, 'Of course you are.' I said, 'Let's hook up and show them through my triple jumping that your 29 was no accident.'"

Beamon is enthusiastic about Tiff. "Milan can go 60 feet," he says. "He has the most natural ability of all the jumpers." At track meets Tiff and Beamon can be seen huddling together before and after each jump. Beamon has a faraway smile on his face, as though he has a direct line to the music of the

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spheres. He is fond of taking Tiff off to the side and intoning secret instructions in his ear. When someone asks Tiff what Beamon tells him in those sessions, he smiles and answers matter-of-factly. "He hums a lot."

Pressed for an explanation, Tiff becomes mystifying. "Bob Beamon is the only jumper who penetrated the unknown," he says in a serious voice. "He knows what's there. It's on the tip of his tongue, but he can't put it into words. So he just turns it into noises. He gets ready to tell me what it is in a word that I can understand, but he's pulling it from another world and it has no vocabulary. So it just comes out in hums. He says, 'When you come down the runway and you hit the board and you take off, you've got to start. . . . And I'm waiting for him to say a word. Then, all of a sudden there are noises like ummmm and umph. And I'm saying, 'I know what you mean. I can feel what you're talking about.'"

One recent Sunday morning a visitor pays a call on Tiff at his Malibu condominium just a hop, step and jump from the Pacific. Tiff answers the door in torn jeans and a work shirt that overflows his six-foot, 140-pound frame like an overcoat on a wire hanger. His face is angular and thin, with deep ravines where the cheeks should be. He leads the way into the living room, past a wall full of clippings chronicling his many victories. "I'm glad you're here," he says. "You've seen triple jumping, which is my hobby. Now I want you to see my work. I'm a 10-times-better artist than athlete."

Tiff's living room has a bohemian look. There isn't the slightest clue that he's an athlete. Art objects are everywhere—a fabric sculpture given him by the People's Republic of China after he competed (and won) there in 1975, a small chunk of the Great Wall in a glass case, and original Tiffs in profusion. A sketch of his wife, Aleita, stares down from one wall. On another is *The World Economy*, a redesign of the dollar bill done in gold leaf, in which a view of North and Central America occupies the space where Washington's face should be.

Tiff believes his athletic accomplishments have hampered his professional success. "When people think of an athlete, they picture someone big and dumb and uneducated," he says with some bitterness. He sometimes paints up to 18 hours a day, taking time out only to



As a painter, Tiff leans to canvases of considerable size, often containing abstract geometric images.

train or nap. Aleita will put food in a dish and leave it outside the door of their spare bedroom, which serves as his studio. She'll come back in a few hours, and the dish will be empty. Sometimes he won't emerge for days. "I go into another world," he says, "and when I come out, I'm bringing something with me, an image."

Tiff works exclusively in acrylic on canvas. He paints in bright blues and yellows and reds and oranges. His pictures often contain the outlines of North America, scenes of the cosmos and fields of color that he says represent the alternation of day and night. He is particularly preoccupied with that cycle. "It's the ultimate reality," he says. "We didn't create it, and we don't know what did. It's going on all the time, and we can't stop it from happening."

Tiff's works tend to be massive, 4'x4' at least, and usually contain abstract, geometric shapes that are perfectly centered and surrounded by wide margins of light-blue space, signifying daylight. He does not sign his paintings. Three small white birds in a corner of the blue space are his symbol. When the visitor points out that the birds, like the triple jump, seem to reflect his preoccupation with escaping the earth, Tiff says, "You're right. I want to fly. Someday I'll make a painting 50 by 50 of just blue, with only the three little birds in a corner."

Tiff didn't come by his artistic abil-

ities accidentally. He was virtually reared in a fine-arts conservatory. His mother, Gladys, once a professional opera singer, now teaches voice; his father did guitar arrangements; his oldest brother, Manning, is a jazz pianist; another brother, Maurice, is a painter; and a sister, Michele, is a concert pianist. While the family doesn't come right out and disapprove of Tiff's athletic career, it treats it as a passing infatuation. Milan Tiff understands that his days as a triple jumper are numbered. He plans to get out, he says, just as soon as he wins a gold medal in Moscow.

The primary fact of Tiff's athletic career, however, is that he has never won an Olympic medal. Not, for that matter, has he ever qualified for the Olympic team. He finished 10th in the 1972 Olympic Trials. And in 1976, just a year after *Track and Field News* ranked him second in the nation, he was eliminated in the preliminary round, fouling on his first two jumps and staggering to a ludicrous 46' 11" on his third—46' 11" is three feet short of his high school best.

The obvious theory is that Tiff choked. When asked about that possibility, he grows impatient. "Going into the last two Olympic Trials, I was considered a cinch to make the team, but I didn't even jump near my potential. There was nothing accidental about that. I gave less than a halfhearted effort." If, indeed, that was the case, Tiff was making a personal pro-



test rooted in a deep feeling that American amateur athletes are exploited. "It's a matter of survival," he says. "It's not right that we don't get paid for international competition. I'm giving too much to get nothing. I can't take a hand-clap home and eat or sleep from it. The Olympics are very political. When I'm wearing the U.S.A. emblem and competing against someone who's got on the hammer and sickle, that's not for fun; that's capitalism against socialism. They can call it sports if they want to, but it's serious business. I'm not getting paid, and my competition is."

When it is suggested that no one forced him to compete in the Trials to begin with, he snaps, "Not to show up at all would have created too much attention. I'm not a radical. So I just went there and lost. I was practicing my rights as an amateur. To win or lose is a private decision. But I'm going to the Olympics in 1980 because it's the end of my career, and I want to prove to everyone that I was the best all along."

Not everyone is sold on Tiff's reasoning. Ken Matsuda, an assistant track coach at USC, says Tiff has the potential to jump 58". But Matsuda is skeptical of the story Tiff tells about the Trials. "Milan's unfortunate," he says. "His big jumps don't come at the right times. He depends on exceptional form, not power. His rhythm has to be exactly right, or he looks awful. Even now, when he loses he'll say, 'I wasn't really competing. I was working on my hop phase.'"

Jim Bush, his coach at UCLA, calls Tiff a "genius" and freely admits, "I don't think we ever did any coaching for him. He knows more about triple jumping than my field coach did. He's our biggest threat to break the record." But when it comes to the idea that Tiff intentionally lost, Bush says, "Deep in his heart Milan may be convinced he lost on purpose, but triple jumping is so difficult it's easy to have an off day."

Only Tiff knows the truth about what happened at the Olympic Trials, and he says he doesn't care what the track world thinks. "I know how good I am," he declares. "I'm the only person I have to answer to."

Milan Tiff trains at 9 o'clock every morning at the UCLA track in Westwood. Regulars at that hour include former professional football player Bernie Casey (actor, poet and, like Tiff, painter), pen-

tablette Jane Frederick and comedian Jimmie Walker. No matter how hot the day, Tiff wears two pairs of sweats and keeps the pants on, hiding his thin calves. Until recently, he always taped his ankles. "The doctors used to tell me to stop jumping because my bones were grinding together," he says. "They warned that one day I'd jump and my bones would shatter. I used to tape my ankles just in case they did, so the pieces wouldn't fall all over the place. I wanted to have all my pieces to take to the hospital."

As Tiff goes through his routine of stretching and striding and bounding down the runway, he keeps up a non-stop monologue. He's a born performer, intensely aware of playing to an audience. He takes delight in tossing off conversational tidbits he knows will shock, and then wants to see the effect. Typical Tiff: "My dog, Egypt, is part deer." (Egypt, it must be noted, looks like an ordinary dog.) "I never eat meat, but I get 10 times more protein by painting blue than you can by eating 1,000 steaks a day." He would like officials to throw away the tape measure in triple jump. "Triple jumping is an art form; it's like ballet. If my jump pleases the eye, it must be a long one."

By 11 a.m. Tiff finishes his workout. As he slowly gets ready to leave (the seemingly simple act of changing his shoes can take up to an hour), he regales those near him with stories. One involves his preseason workouts. Unlike most triple jumpers, Tiff eschews weight training and sprint drills. "They're a waste of time," he says. Instead, he sharpens up by running in the Sierra foothills with wild animals. It all started a few years ago in San Joaquin Valley. "I was running in the mountains one time, just chugging along on a path," he says. "Suddenly this deer crossed in front of me. I looked at its anatomy and structure and strength and thought how magnificent the deer was. So I decided to chase it. The deer could sense that I wasn't a hunter. It stayed on the path instead of cutting off into the bush. It was like the deer could communicate with me. I was actually running with it, testing my speed against his. I said, 'I'm going to catch this deer,' and I shifted gears and went into top speed. The deer could feel me shifting gears. Then I saw the deer change from running on all four legs to two legs at a time. He pushed off with the back legs, reached out with the front ones and

pulled his back legs through his front legs. Suddenly he'd put a mile between us. Right there I learned that if I push and pull on each stride rather than run, I go faster. So I go up there every year and run with the deer."

When Tiff really gets revved up, he's fond of telling what happened early one morning when he wandered into a restaurant while still a student at UCLA. "Some of my friends were there, and they started asking me about triple jumping," he says. "At 2 a.m. there weren't many people in the restaurant, so few that everybody could get in the same conversation. Pretty soon my friends were introducing me as the world's greatest triple jumper to the cooks, the waitresses and the drunks—the night people who tune out in restaurants. Everyone was asking what the triple jump was. I said, 'It's the hop, step and jump.' 'What's that?' they asked. I got up from the table and started taking tiny triple jumps of about 10 feet to show them. They said, 'We've got to see a larger version.' So I enlarged my jump to 20 feet. Meanwhile, a few more people came in and saw me bounding across the restaurant, and they got scared because they thought I was a robber. But the drunks said, 'Come in. This is the world's greatest triple jumper. We're getting a live demonstration.' By now everybody in that restaurant was my audience. I decided to take the show outside."

"I said, 'If you can come up with \$50, I'll triple-jump right across the street.' They said the street must be 100 feet wide. I could see it was only 50. They went into the cash register and got \$50. I said, 'Keep your money. If I jump across the street, all I want is for you to tell me how I did it.' We went outside and I backed way up on the sidewalk. Traffic had come to a dead stop. I ran down, and when I hit the edge of the sidewalk I took off. I went clear over the street. I was so hyped up I think I broke the world's record that night."

"The people went nuts. Then we went back inside the restaurant. By now the drunks had sobered up. Everybody wanted to be my coach from that night on. They were saying, 'You were good, but with some work you could be great.' So I said, 'I want everybody to be serious and tell me how I did it.' Silence. Then after a while, one of the drunks from the back of the restaurant got up and said, 'You call it the triple jump, but we saw what you really do. You fly.' "

Not long ago, Dan Rooney, the president of the Pittsburgh Steelers, handed me a copy of *Sports Business—The Management Newsletter for Sports Money Makers*. He pointed to an item he knew would interest me. Under the advisory "Watch for Fans," *Sports Business* confided to the moguls who subscribe to it: "Special, almost unclassifiable gimmicks like the Steelers' 'Terrible Towel' are a fan turn-on. The keys to the most successful of these devices seem to be 1) Color and 2) Motion. Crowds dressed in the same color clothing can make an impact, but it is passive. Color plus motion in the stands creates a kind of framework for the contest itself, making the entire experience more memorable for the spectator. We suggest a look at the Japanese and British sports crowds for examples of dynamic display of color and motion."

I, as the creator of the Terrible Towel, an instrument with which Steeler fans had flogged their team to victories in Super Bowls X and XIII (the Steelers somehow won Super Bowl IX without it), could not decide which impressed me more—*Sports Business*' expertise in determining that color plus motion had made the towel a success, or my audacity in creating the towel while ignorant of the fact that I was mixing a precise formula that would produce a "special, almost unclassifiable gimmick."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDREW MYER

During the NBC telecast of Super Bowl XIII, Curt Gowdy had referred to the towel as the "dirty towel," an allusion that did not especially annoy me inasmuch as Gowdy had botched the names of legions of professional football players. Let him know that *Sports Business*, which gets \$60 for 24 issues from sports moneymakers, perceives the impact of the Terrible Towel, which, dirty or laundered, is held to be good reason for the moneymakers to take a close look at Japanese and British crowds. Lord, that I had known all that at the beginning!

"Your idea was pure genius," said Rooney. "But you were too stupid to know what you were doing."

Here I should explain that I am a Pittsburgh radio/television sports commentator and an analyst of Steeler games on radio. Late in November of 1975, I received a call from the secretary to the vice-president and general manager of WTAE-Radio, who said, "Can you step over to Ted's office?" Crossing the hall, I found the burly figure of Ted J. Atkins. He was huddled with the vice-president for sales, Larry Garrett. Atkins said, "The Steelers are going into the playoffs. As you know, the first game will be here in Pittsburgh. As the Steelers' flagship radio station, we think we should come up with some sort of gimmick that will involve the people."



## TRUE TALES OF THE TERRIBLE TOWEL

The Steelers weren't much for gimmicks, but then the author created the Terrible Towel. Now, after two Super Bowl victories, they're believers

by MYRON COPE

*Alley*

Then Atkins barked, "Come up with a gimmick!"

"I am not a gimmick guy," I replied. "Never have been a gimmick guy."

"You don't understand," said Garrett. He explained that were I to promote some kind of object that the fans would wave or wear at the playoffs, advertisers would be so impressed by my hold on the public that they would clamor to sponsor my various shows.

"Besides," said Garrett, "your contract with us expires in three months."

"I'm a gimmick guy," I shrugged.

Advertising salesmen were hurriedly summoned to Atkins' office. Brainstorms erupted. "I've got it!" cried a salesman. "Chuck Noll's motto is 'Whatever it takes,' right?" Totally sober, the salesman proposed that we dress the 50,000 fans entering Three Rivers Stadium in black costume masks upon which Noll's motto would be printed in gold lettering. A phone call to a supplier of novelties revealed that 50,000 black masks

could be obtained at a cost of 50¢ apiece, or \$25,000. Vice-presidents Atkins and Garrett incisively concluded that black masks were not the crowd-pleaser we were looking for.

"What we need here," I said, "is something that's lightweight and portable and already is owned by just about every fan."

"How about towels?" Garrett said.

"A towel?" It had possibilities. "We could call it the Terrible Towel," I said.

"Yes. And I can go on radio and television proclaiming, 'The Terrible Towel is poised to strike!'"

"Gold and black towels, the colors of the Steelers," someone piped.

"No," I said. "Black won't provide color. We'll tell 'em to bring gold or yellow towels."

"Yellow and gold will fly!" cried a sales voice. "Tell 'em if they don't have one, buy one, and if they don't want to buy one, dye one!"

"I'll tell 'em they can use the towel to wipe their seats clean," I said. "They can use it as a muffler against the cold. They can drape it over their heads if it rains."

Another great concept in broadcasting having been born, Ted J. Atkins sent out for champagne. Later, when the Terrible Towel advanced for final approval to Franklin C. Snyder, vice-president and general manager of the Hearst Broadcasting System, he ordered only one change. "We must have black towels, too," he said gravely. "If we exclude black, we'll be asking for trouble from the Human Relations Commission and the FCC."

A few days later, on the heavily watched Sunday night 11 o'clock television news, I introduced Pittsburgh to the Terrible Towel, making a damned fool of myself by hurling towels at the anchorman, the weatherman, and everyone else. Public response was instant and pleasantly flabbergasting. One of the few resisters was a co-captain of the Steelers, Linebacker Andy Russell.

"What's this crap about a towel?" he growled at me in the locker room several days later. "We're not a gimmick team. We've never been a gimmick team."

His words had the ring of familiarity. But I fell back upon bravado. "Russell," I said, "you're suck."

continued





Stay-at-home Steeler followers draped their Terrible Towels over everything

Mind you, I did not see the Terrible Towel as witchcraft to hex the enemy. It would be a positive force, driving the Steelers to superhuman performance. Unsure of my own sanity, almost daily I intoned on radio and television, "The Terrible Towel is poised to strike!"

The very morning of the first playoff game, against Baltimore, the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* warned that I was trying to turn Three Rivers Stadium into a tenement neighborhood, yet at least 30,000 spectators turned up for the game wearing Terrible Towels. It was a fine start. In foul, wet weather, Wide Receiver Frank Lewis wiped his hands with a Terrible Towel, then made a scarcely believable one-handed catch of a Terry Bradshaw bullet. Later, Bradshaw went down, his leg injured, and did not emerge from the locker-rooms tunnel when his teammates took the field for the second half. Only seconds before play resumed, the crowd exploded, flailing the air with towels, for Bradshaw had reappeared.

Could Russell remain a nonbeliever? A young woman named Lisa Benz beheld the towel's effect upon him (Russell scooped up a Colt fumble and, though

playing on an injured leg, lumbered 93 yards to a touchdown) and later mailed me the following verse:

*He ran ninety-three  
Like a bat out of hell,  
And no one could see  
How he rambl'd so well.  
"It was easy," said Andy,  
And he flashed a crooked smile,  
"I was snapped on the fanny  
By the Terrible Towel!"*

Yea, verily did infidels cast aside their skepticism as the Steelers and the Terrible Towel whipped their way through the Oakland Raiders to the American Conference title, and through the Dallas Cowboys to victory in Super Bowl X.

Last year, Pittsburgh again earned home-field advantage for the playoffs. That dictated the Terrible Towel's resurrection, its use being reserved exclusively for postseason games. And if I may say so, this set a standard of commotion worthy of the Beatles and Elvis. The Denver Broncos came out on the field at Three Rivers and found themselves trapped in a vortex of yellow, gold and black terry cloth whirling against the bit-

ter December sky like the swords of 50,000 Cossacks.

Lynn Swann, answering his introduction by the P.A. announcer, leaped out to the goal line, leaped four feet into the air and snapped a Terrible Towel overhead, whereupon from the crowd there came a thunderclap of a roar such as I had never heard at an athletic event. Swann then presented his towel to his fellow wide receiver, John Stallworth, who proceeded to catch not three or four passes (a good day's work) but 10. Later, as the Steelers put the finishing touches to a 33-10 thrashing of the Broncos, an eavesdropping NFL Films microphone caught Swann and Stallworth on the sideline taking inventory of their prospects for going all the way.

"We've got the offense," said Swann. "We've got the defense. We've got the QB. We've got Franco. We've got Joe Greene. We've got Chuck Noll." Slapping hands mightily with Stallworth, Swann concluded, "And we've got the Terrible Towel."

Next, Earl Campbell and the Houston Oilers came to town for the AFC championship game. Multitudes of Western Pennsylvanians who had been unable to get tickets to the game draped towels over their television sets and radios, even over their dogs, cats and children. Towels hung from windows, lamp-posts and roofs. A department-store chain that offered Terrible Towels at \$6.50 each, with a charity earmarked as the beneficiary, had run out of them in four hours; it then ordered another shipment and had run out in two hours.

As the Steelers and Oilers lined up for the opening kickoff, a yellow towel suddenly descended from the deck above the WTAE broadcasting booth and, as if by magic, jerked to a halt in midair 15 feet in front of the booth.

My binoculars revealed that painstaking Steeler fans had strung fishing line from the top deck clear down to the end zone to our left, their plan having been to release the towel at the kickoff and let it slide by means of a pulley to the end zone. But the fishing line, so fine it had been invisible to the naked eye, had become coated with ice in the freezing rain that whipped the stadium, and that arrested the towel before our very eyes.

"What is that damned towel doing out there?" cried my broadcast partner, Jack Fleming. A large, deep-voiced man and a

football purist who from the outset had been hostile to my Terrible Towels, Fleming now found that the one before him removed half the gridiron from his vision as he was about to begin his play-by-play.

"Somebody get that towel out of there!" he bellowed.

Minutes later, the roof above Fleming sprang a leak, and in an instant he was soaked. "Give me one of those damned things," he yelled, reaching into an assortment of Terrible Towels at my elbow. While he mopped his spotter boards, I wondered, "Is the towel punishing an unbeliever?" I sat less than three feet to Fleming's left, yet no water fell on me. Meanwhile, our producer produced an umbrella. Fleming, livid, clutched it in a white-knuckled fist throughout the first quarter, craning to follow ballcarriers and receivers as they disappeared behind the yellow towel suspended before us, and roaring during every time-out for workmen to cut down the infernal rag.

That done at last, Fleming settled into a mood of controlled churlishness, striving to find enjoyment in the fact that the Steelers were thundering toward a 34-5 win. Without warning, however, a Seelers fan named Larry Opperman, a onetime unsuccessful candidate for the state legislature, leaped from the stands across the field as the Oilers deployed to receive a kickoff. Opperman wore two Terrible Towels over a bathing suit, and he twirled another towel overhead. He raced past the Oilers' bench to the 50-yard line. He then zigzagged his way downfield through the entire Houston team, whooping like a madman. The crowd roared. "Idiot," snapped Fleming.

Two days later, Opperman popped into my office unannounced. "I thought you might like to have this," he said. He handed me the towel he had worn. It was still slightly damp but was obviously a memento to be cherished. "How kind of you," I said.

But the impending Super Bowl showdown against the Dallas Cowboys at Miami troubled me. "The Terrible Towel does not like to travel," I cautioned the faithful in my radio and television commentaries. "The towel breathes life from the support it

gets from fans in the stadium, but Steeler fans are finding Super Bowl tickets hard to come by." Those fans, I had forgotten, had demonstrated at two previous Super Bowls involving their team that when it came to procuring tickets, John D. Rockefeller was no more adept at unearthing oil. They showed up in the Orange Bowl at least 20,000 strong, flying their Terrible Towels, and at game time the towel gave a sign to the nation that it was ready.

On the Steelers' first play from scrimmage, Center Mike Webster hunkered over the ball wearing a yellow Terrible Towel tucked into his waistband. "I believe," said Bradshaw as he lined up over Webster. He touched the towel and proceeded to bombard the Cowboys dizzy, firing four touchdown passes. The Steelers were ahead by 18 points, with some seven minutes remaining, when I trotted down from our booth to the Pittsburgh bench to be nearer the locker room, where I would conduct postgame radio interviews.

"Here," Webster said to me. He handed me the game towel, soggy by now. "I guess we don't need this anymore."

I stuffed the towel into my briefcase and zipped it closed. With that, the Cowboys awakened. They rallied for a quick

touchdown to draw within 11 points. Steeler fans, having had to lay 4½ points and more, became uneasy. The towel, I was to realize later, cried out to be turned loose from my briefcase, but I did not hear its plaints above the din that filled the Orange Bowl. As the Cowboys drove to yet another score to reduce the final margin to a calamitous four points, the towel shrieked till its fibers popped, but it went unheard.

"How could you suffocate the towel when we needed it most?" a fan demanded afterward. "I'm laughing for the Super Steelers, but I'm crying inside to the tune of a hundred and a half."

Seill, the Steelers' triumph prompted the formation of Terrible Towel bandwagons. From Ohio State, Purdue and the University of Iowa, reports came to me of basketball crowds twirling towels. The pro bowling tour stopped near Dallas, where a transplanted Pittsburgh woman approached her favorite bowler, Marshall Holman, and handed him a Terrible Towel. Using it to wipe the perspiration from his hands, Holman won the \$15,000 first prize. A distraught woman sent me a check for \$6.50, beseeching me to send her a towel; the department store had been sold out when she tried to buy one. She explained that her nephew, injured in an auto accident weeks earlier, lay in a coma. "He's a Steeler fan," she wrote. "When he wakes up, the first thing we want him to see at his bedside is the Terrible Towel."

Mind you, being high priest of a towel does not turn my head. I have published four books and, before that, learned to play the clarinet, saxophone and piano. Yet it now appears certain that when my time comes, they will say of me in Pittsburgh, my life-long hometown, "Oh, he was the fellow who had that towel." Indeed, in the aftermath of Super Bowl XIII, I received notification from the Pro Football Hall of Fame at Canton, Ohio that a set of three Terrible Towels was to be enshrined there for all to behold. I must remember to visit the Hall of Fame to see if the towels hang alongside the busts of Bronko Nagurski and Sammy Baugh, or in a lavatory. Either way, I shall remain composed. **END**



One Steeler fan preferred to wear his towels

That regiment of unknown soldiers, baseball's bench warmers, is thrilled with the performance of the Cincinnati Reds' Ray Knight. For years he was willing to work hard and wait. He studied pitchers. He banttered in the dugout. He signed autographs for fans who had no idea who he was. All he needed was a chance. Now Ray Knight is having the kind of season he always dreamed of and knew he would have.

Knight's .307 batting average and slick fielding have eased the anguish Cincinnati fans felt over the departure of Pete Rose, the legend he replaced at third base. And the newcomer's brash, pugnacious attitude is well suited to his position. Altogether, Knight has played a significant role in the Reds' climb to a spot only 3½ behind division-leading Houston. He has played through a variety of injuries, figuring that physical pain is nothing compared to the mental distress he felt on the sidelines. And he has acquitted himself well in two fights, one with the Los Angeles Dodgers' Derrel Thomas, the other with Houston's Cesar Cedeno. People are beginning to call Knight a team leader. Says Catcher Johnny Bench, "This year is the 10th anniversary of the walk on the moon. Ray's been in orbit all year."

Last week the 26-year-old Knight was showing no reentry symptoms. The week began with a "day" for him at home in Albany, Ga., where he received the keys to the city, and a record crowd of 500 fans showed up to watch his old team, American Legion Post No. 30, play. On Thursday night in St. Louis he hit a grand-slam home run and had a total of six RBIs against the Cardinals. The homer so elated Reds President Dick Wagner, catching the game on TV back in Cincinnati, that he jumped straight into the air. Last winter Wagner was the des-



## A Knight to remember

*Cincinnati's Ray Knight has made the fans forget Pete Rose—well, almost*

ignated ogre in the Rose-Reds divorce proceedings when he failed to meet Rose's contract demands. Knight's performance, coming after two years of inactivity on the bench, helped change Wagner's image from penurious to perspicacious.

Just a few months ago Knight's middle name was Who? Now he is beginning to trip over reporters. For most of the season he has been hitting over .300 while getting injured time and again. His teammates call him Battlestar Galactica. The injuries began with a sprained right ankle three days before the end of spring

training that caused him to miss opening day. That was followed by a tendon injury in his left foot. Then a calcium deposit was discovered in his left thigh. He pulled a groin muscle, but stoically played on. He didn't miss another game until he sprained his left thumb. On returning to the lineup he sprained the thumb again and had to sit out five games. In spite of all this, plus cortisone shots and the bruises that go with the position, Knight has missed only nine games all year. The only place he limps is in the clubhouse.

Injuries aren't new to Knight; he was struck in the head by a line drive while pitching batting practice in the minors. And had he not broken an ankle playing football in high school, he might not have needed the nine years it took him to become a major league starter. The shattered ankle had to be put back together with four screws. From then on his speed was gone and scouts started asking about the size of his hands. They began wondering if he could pitch.

Last Christmas, after the Reds returned from a trip to Japan, Knight's family gathered at his parents' farm in Albany for a softball game. Knight was diving for balls, sliding into bases and generally behaving as if this were the World Series. ("I'm a gung-ho guy," he says.) Finally his father, Charlie, a supervisor for the Albany Parks Department, told Ray that he had to be more prudent. "I've always been a rough kid," concedes Knight, who stands 6' 2" and weighs 185 pounds. "I go hard even if we're behind 10 to nothing. I don't know how to play easy." Rose, another headstrong athlete, once told Knight that if he were a manager, he would want the youngster on his team.

A Mormon, Knight doesn't drink, smoke or even indulge in coffee or cola.

*continued*

# Two questions to ask yourself when choosing a low tar:

## #1. Just how low in tar is it?

|                                                                                   |                                                                                   |                                                                                   |                                                                                   |                                                                                   |                                                                                   |                                                                                   |                                                                                   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| 10<br>mg. TAR<br>0.6 mg. NIC.                                                     | 11<br>mg. TAR<br>0.6 mg. NIC.                                                     | 9<br>mg. TAR<br>0.5 mg. NIC.                                                      | 12<br>mg. TAR<br>0.8 mg. NIC.                                                     | 13<br>mg. TAR<br>0.9 mg. NIC.                                                     | 9<br>mg. TAR<br>0.6 mg. NIC.                                                      | 14<br>mg. TAR<br>0.9 mg. NIC.                                                     | 11<br>mg. TAR<br>0.6 mg. NIC.                                                     |

## #2. Can I go lower and still get good taste?

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### A PROGRESS REPORT FROM GENERAL ELECTRIC

That's not an oil rig or a sunken ship you're looking at.

It's a man-made underwater farm located five miles off the coast of California. Here General Electric is working with the Department of Energy and the Gas Research Institute to grow energy.

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Kelp grows naturally at a fantastic rate, as much as two feet some days. On this experimental farm, GE is trying to make it grow that much every day. If that can be done, ten acres of kelp could be har-

vested and turned into as much as six million cubic feet of gas a year. And someday, with more and bigger farms, kelp might make a dent in America's energy problems.

This energy farm is one example of how General Electric is applying many different technologies to help solve problems that face us all: in medicine, transportation, pollution control, as well as in energy. Because that's how progress for people happens.

Progress for People

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Of course, Superman has the same sort of lifestyle.

Knight's aggressiveness is inherited from his father, as is much of his athletic skill. Charlie Knight drilled him for hours at a time as a youngster, hoping that Ray would become a major-leaguer. Charlie Knight followed the same routine with his daughters, Laverne and Kay. Laverne became a fine softball player. Though she is 38 years old now and the mother of five, her brother says, "She can field ground balls almost as well as I can. And Kay is a good hitter."

Other players have struggled up from the minors and by dint of hard work became excellent players. (Both Maury Wills and Eddie Stanky were 26 when they made it to the big leagues.) Knight hasn't stopped honing his baseball skills in Albany. He still lives there, and he has a homemade batting cage in his backyard. Last winter his wife, Terri, fed balls into the pitching machine while Ray swung away. He and his good friend, Harry Spillman, a reserve who Knight beat out for the Rose job, went through about a dozen bats, hitting three to four hours a day. Knight also lifted weights, ran, threw, jumped rope and did isometrics and stretching. When the Reds played in Japan last year, Knight fielded 68 ground balls in practice one day. Bench asked him why. "I've got nothing else to do," he said.

When Bench first saw Knight, the Georgian was a minor-leaguer with little promise of making the bigs. "They said he had good hands," Bench recalls. "I said, 'Well, that's all he's got.' But he worked hard."

Playing behind Rose the last two years, Knight rarely got into games except as a late-inning defensive replacement; he had just 65 bats last year to Rose's 655. He can quote his spring-training batting averages for the last few years, spring games being the only ones in which he got to play regularly. With the Reds he batted a respectable .261 in 1977, then slipped to .200 last season, a woe-filled time that he describes as "wilted" and "rusty." Things were so bad that he developed a sore arm but was afraid to tell anyone about it, and he made a lot of throwing errors. He felt Manager Sparky Anderson didn't like him. "Which I couldn't understand, because no one worked harder than I did," says Knight.

With Rose's departure, the underdog finally got his chance, and he didn't bosh

it. In the first game he started, he went two for three. "Hey," he said to himself, "I can hit." Now the writers have stopped asking him if the bubble will burst. "I used to think about that, but no more," he says. "I've got my confidence now."

For the first time he also has a bargaining position. He is the lowest-paid member of a starting unit that probably averages about \$225,000 a man in salary. Knight makes one-fifth of that, and there are several substitutes on the club who earn double his pay. He drives a 3-year-old sedan. After his next contract negotiations with Dick Wagner, he may move out in something a bit snappier, perhaps something on the order of a Rolls or a Porsche. Just like Pete Who.

## THE WEEK

(July 15-21)

by JIM KAPLAN

**AL WEST** In the seventh inning of a game at humid Fenway Park, Seattle Pitching Coach Wes Stock suggested that starter Mike Parrott change his soaked jersey. Parrott said no, he didn't want to jinx himself. Whereupon Stock offered up the shirt off his back. Parrott accepted it and went on to beat the Red Sox 8-0. "I'm going to start the next three games in his sweat shirt," said Parrott, who earlier won three while wearing Glenn Abbott's pants. All told, Seattle had a 2-2 week.

With strong hitting from Milt May (.533), Lamar Johnson (.357), Ralph Garr (.333) and Jorge Orta (.500), the White Sox won three of five, the three being a series with Texas. Chicago won 11 of 13 games with Texas this year. The Rangers (1-4) avoided a winless week when Jim Kern pitched out of a bases-loaded, no-out situation and saved Doc Medich's 4-1 win over the Royals. It was one of two such opportunities the Royals (2-2) wanted. Manager Whitey Herzog had plenty of reasons to quaff half a gallon of scotch he received from the Kansas City chapter of the Baseball Writers Association for being "the most honest, most cooperative and most forthright individual we have ever dealt with in any sport."

Normally powerless Minnesota (4-1) exploded for eight home runs. Even Bombo Rivera got one. Attempting to poke a single to right, he homered to left, beating Toronto 4-3. Typifying California's frustrating 2-3 week, Jim Barr needed only 92 pitches to beat the distance against Baltimore but lost 2-1. There was dissent in the Oakland (1-3)

week. Mario Guerrero took himself out of the lineup, complaining that he had hurt his arm pinching batting practice the weekend before the All-Star break. "Nobody told him to pinch batting practice," snapped Manager Jim Marshall. "If that's what he did."

CAL 56-41 TEX 53-42 MINN 51-42 KC 45-40  
CHI 44-51 SEA 42-55 OAK 26-71

**AL EAST** The Orioles (4-1) placed Jim Palmer on the 21-day disabled list because of tendinitis in his right elbow, but kept winning. Dennis Martinez started the week by four-hitting Seattle 6-1. Then, in a possible playoff preview, the Orioles took three of four from California—beating the Angels 3-0 behind Mike Flanagan, 2-1 on Scott McGreggor's complete game and Rich Dauer's broken-bat single, and 10-2 behind Sammy Stewart.

Old Timers' Day again brought out the craziness in the Yankees (2-2). The week of last year's game, Manager Billy Martin was fired and rehired, supposedly for 1980. This year's exhibition was preceded by the resignation of club president Al Rosen, whose duties had been curtailed after Martin was brought back in June. Reggie Jackson had this to say: "He [Rosen] was a good guy who busted his butt and got tired of taking bull from [owner George] Steinbrenner. George thinks he can buy anyone." Jackson exonerated his longtime nemesis, Martin, however, and for once Martin was in agreement. "Al's role changed before I came back," said Martin, "and anything that says it was done to accommodate me is a stone lie." There was no denying the Yankees' desperate straits—they were 11½ games out after kicking away a game to the lowly A's by committing three costly errors.

As Boston (2-2) fell 3½ games back, Milwaukee took three straight to remain in contention. Sixto Lezcano homered on three consecutive days, two being game-winners, and Moose Haas and Jim Slaton threw shutouts. Feeding on easy fish, the Brewers extended their winning streak to eight games—four against Cleveland and four against Toronto. The hopeless Blue Jays (0-5) were running up streaks of another kind—bat out for the 11th time of the season, shutout in extra innings for the seventh, losing for the 15th time in their last 16 trips to the unfriendly confines of Milwaukee's County Stadium.

In a 3-1 week Detroit profited from the alms of Ron LeFlore, who saw no one covering home and scored from second on a bunt against the White Sox. Cleveland was three-hit by the Brewers' Haas in a demoralizing 1-3 week. The only coming news was that the Indians were awarded the 1981 All-Star Game.

BALT 62-32 BOS 57-34 MIL 57-38 NY 51-44  
DET 47-46 CLEV 43-50 TOR 29-66

continued

## JULY 22-AUGUST 18 PREVIEW OF THE OLYMPICS

Join the American team as they compete with athletes from over 80 other countries in the most important international sports event of the summer.

A full month's coverage of Olympic competition will be broadcast by satellite from Moscow.



Steve Scott's time in the 1500m at the AAU Nationals in June was the fastest in the world this year. .05 off that time could break the world record. . . .

Deby LaPlant's time at the AAU Nationals became the fastest time ever by an American woman for the 100m hurdles. . . .

Edwin Moses is one of only 2 men in history to run the 400m hurdles under .47. He says he needs a new type of competition to do better. . . .

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## BASEBALL continued

### NL WEST

The race grew closer, thanks primarily to the Astros. First-place Houston lost all five of its games, and Joe Sambito, who had not yielded an earned run in 49½ innings, gave up two homers in Pittsburgh. Second-place Cincinnati took three of four, paced by Tom Seaver's two wins and 50th career shutout. Third-place San Francisco also won three of four as Manager Joe Altobelli got some long-awaited pitching. Three pitchers combined to shut out the Mets 4-0, and John Curtis beat the Phils 1-0 on six hits. Altobelli now has 11 healthy pitchers and not enough work for all of them.

San Diego (2-2) allowed only eight runs in four games but scored just six. Randy Jones beat the Mets 3-1 and Gaylord Perry stopped them 2-1, but the Padres lost 2-1 when Shortstop Orzelle Smith picked up a would-be double-play ball and found nobody covering second, double-pumped and threw too late to first. Nonetheless, interest was high. Home attendance passed 1 million on the 46th date and the Padres, taking advantage of Houston's decline, moved from 16 games out on July 4 to 9½ back. "If Cincinnati is the team to beat," said Manager Roger Craig, "we're 6½ off." Despite 124 errors, catchers who had thrown out only 26 of 117 base-stealers and a shortstop (Pepe Frias) who had committed

vision opponents. After a week's absence because of a sore left arm, the Cubs' Dave Kingman pinch-hit in the ninth inning and singled home Miguel Dilone with the tying run. Kingman scored the winner from first when Scott Thompson's hit went through Atlanta Leftfielder Jeff Burroughs. The Cardinals blasted Reds ace Mike LaCoss 12-3, getting one run fewer than St. Louis scored in its previous seven games. The Phillies lined out seven times during a 1-0 loss to San Francisco and New a chance to tie the game when rookie Pitcher Dickie Noles fouled off three sacrifice-bunt attempts. "I like the kid," Pete Rose said consolingly. "He came up to me after the game and said the next time he comes to the park he's gonna bunt until his hands bleed." General Manager Paul Owens was less charitable toward overweight Leftfielder Greg Luzumski. "When a guy has a weight problem and is big in the chest, he cannot pitch or hit," Owens said. Feeling the heat after a 5-6 home stand, the Expos reacquired Rusty Staub, who had been a designated hitter at Detroit, for use at first base and in the outfield.

In a classic exhibition of excellent pitching (10 runs allowed in four games) and poor hitting (.231), the Mets dropped three of four and fell deeper into the cellar.

### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**STEVE KEMP:** The Tiger Leftfielder had a 5-for-6 game and a 4-for-14 week, scored five runs, drove in six and homered twice to move from ninth place (.316) to third (.330) in the race for the American League batting title.

27 errors by the All-Star break, the Braves (1-3) also found cause for cheer. Slugging Dale Murphy returned to the lineup for the first time since injuring his knee May 22 and hit a line-drive single.

There was no joy in Los Angeles (2-2). Accusations against Reggie Smith were in the headlines (DODGERS SAY REGGIE'S A QUITTER) and Davey Lopes resigned as team captain.

HOUS 54-44 CIN 50-46 SF 47-49  
SD 45-54 ATL 40-54 LA 38-58

### NL EAST

Pittsburgh won five in a row and climbed from fourth to second. Bill Robinson batted .467, Phil Garner homered three times, and John Candelaria and Bruce Kison, both fully recovered from their 1978 miseries, beat the Astros. In the team's best week, Pirate batters hit .315 and Pirate pitchers allowed just 3.40 earned runs a game. As a result, attendance in Three Rivers Stadium was up 30%.

Chicago, Montreal, St. Louis and Philadelphia had 2-2 weeks against West Di-

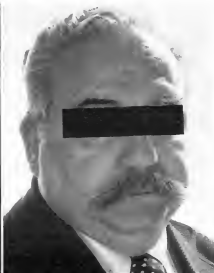
### ALL-STAR GAME

The National League beat the American League 7-6 in Seattle for its eighth win in a row, 16th in the last 17 games and 22nd in the last 27. It was an unusually exciting game, with the lead changing hands four times, and there were heroes and goats aplenty.

Heroes: the game's Most Valuable Player, Pirate Rightfielder Dave Parker, who threw out Jim Rice at third and Brian Downing at home, singled and drove in a run with a sacrifice fly; Montreal Catcher Gary Carter, who blocked the plate on Parker's throw; New York's Lee Mazzilli, who tied the game with an eighth-inning homer and won it with a ninth-inning, bases-loaded walk. Houston's Joe Sambito, who pitched out of a first-and-third, no-out situation in the sixth, and Chicago's Bruce Sutler, who pitched two scoreless innings and was the winning pitcher for the second year in a row.

Goats: Boston's Rice, who went 1 for 5 and foolishly tried to stretch his lone hit from a no-out double to a triple; Texas Pitcher Jim Kern, who walked three and was called for a balk, all in the ninth inning, and New York's Ron Gaudry, who walked home the winning run. Gaudry blamed AL Manager Bob Lemon, who had him warm up twice earlier in the game and then used him when he was no longer loose.

END



## One of these men had a business that went into a slump, into the red and up in smoke.

He had a fire of a "suspicious" nature, but arson could not be proved. So, he was able to collect a substantial amount on his insurance. He turned his business loss into a profit for himself but into an additional expense for the insurance company and the policyholders.

Arson has become the "hottest" crime in the nation. Who are these arsonists? They range from small, one-time offenders, like the man on the left, to organized professional "torches." Many have found arson a profitable crime. Shocking! Even more shocking are the losses related to arson—700 lives and an estimated \$1.6 billion in insured fire losses in 1977. When you consider lost jobs, property taxes and higher costs in consumer goods, the total economic loss is a staggering \$10 billion!

We're a major group of property and casualty insurance companies and we're alarmed by the rise in this violent, costly and dangerous crime. Not only does arson jeopardize lives and property, it costs policyholders a lot of money—approximately 40¢ of every claim dollar paid for fire losses. That's four times more than ten years ago.

Recently, the FBI re-classified arson as a major crime, in the same category as murder, rape, and grand larceny. This re-classification will result in greater attention by federal, state and local law enforcement agencies. We

in the insurance industry urged the government to take this action. We will continue working with law enforcement agencies to stop the spread of this vicious crime.

### Here's what we're doing:

- Trying to take the profit out of arson by more extensive investigation of claims and by cooperating in the prosecution of more persons involved in "suspicious" fires
- Supporting the Insurance Crime Prevention Institute's investigations of insurance fraud
- Conducting arson-detection seminars for insurance personnel
- Developing the Property Insurance Loss Register—a computerized file of previous loss claims which will alert investigators.
- Encouraging state legislators to pass stricter laws that carry heavier punishments for arson
- Encouraging community and state arson task force programs to deal with arson problems on a local level

### Here's what you can do:

- Report any suspicious persons or activity to the police, fire department or fire marshal
- Support efforts in your community to fight arson

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the estimated highway mileage and range. Mileage and range estimates lower in California.

\*Comparison based on standard engines.

\*\*Marquis models built after March 12 have engineering changes that result in higher mileage ratings. Some vehicles in stock were built before March 12.

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### MERCURY MARQUIS

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## The last call for Number 39

Larry Csonka has not heard too many cheers since he left Miami in 1975, but now he is back with the Dolphins, hoping to relive the Super Bowl days in his final season

The Pompano Beach night club is advertised as the house of rock 'n' roll. The big sign out front is shattered on one side, but the other half bears the name of the club in script—Stagger Lee's.

In the wee hours of Sunday morning the place is jammed. Louie DeFranco, known on stage as Louie D, is putting on his third show of the night. He rears

through a medley of '50s and '60s rock while the audience, in a room of dim red light and black plastic, relives the good old days when Chuck Berry and Little Richard were heroes.

"What time is it?" screams Louie.

"It's party time!" yells the audience. Louie and his seven-member backup group—including one guitarist wearing a rubber bathing cap, another with an Afro dyed like a woolly rainbow and a third wearing shorts decorated in glitter—break into a Chubby Checker twist.

Suddenly a 6' 4", 250-pound rookie football player for the Miami Dolphins jumps onto the stage with a tiny little girl and begins to twist. Envious teammates in the audience whistle approval.

The walls behind the long winding bar are covered with red carpet hearing piano keyboards and quarter notes, leftovers from the days when the place was the Keyboard Cabaret.

Beers are \$2.25, mixed drinks a quarter more. The cocktail girls wear tight, skimpy outfits and thin gold belts. A dozen platters of recording stars of two decades past hang on the walls.

Bonnie, the female vocalist, walks up to the microphone to sing her version of Janis Joplin's Mercedes Benz. She looks straight into the back of the club as the warbles

"Oh Lord won't you buy me a number 39."

I mean Larry Csonka, 'cause I wouldn't mind

If he tried to tackle me any old time

So oh Lord won't you buy me a number 39."

She sings to the big man with the crooked nose who is leaning against the back bar. He fidgets with the glass he is holding in an enormous hand that is adorned with a thick Super Bowl ring. It is Larry Csonka, who owns an interest in Stagger Lee's, having purchased it the previous week, and he is embarrassed.

He has been minding his own business, picking up bar tabs for his Dolphin teammates, including several rookies he doesn't even know by name. Couples, singles, they keep straggling up and asking for an autograph. Or they congratulate him for coming home.

Louie calls Csonka to the stage and starts to sing *The Star-Spangled Banner*. The entire audience—drunks, flirts, lovebirds—stands and sings along. Csonka is dumbfounded. All eyes are on him and although he relishes the attention, he doesn't know what to do.

Note the parallel with the turn Csonka's football career has taken. He stands in the Dolphins' camp and remembers the old days, when his brute strength personified the team, the days when he rushed for more than 1,000 yards in three straight seasons, the days of 17-0, the days of three straight Super Bowl appearances. And he dreams of one more oldie but goldie year.

When the New York Giants failed to renew his contract for the 1979 season, Csonka could have retired. He is 32 years old and has nothing to prove to anyone anywhere. He is one of only seven men in NFL history to rush for 7,000 yards. He's a wealthy man. He has a 400-acre farm in Ohio and soon will buy a home in south Florida. He owns a realty company and two drinking establishments, Stagger Lee's and a tavern-steak house for the steelworkers, truckers, ironworkers and farm-

continued



Csonka likes to keep his help at Stagger Lee's in a happy mood





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**The two sides of Burnett's**  
**White Satin Gin**

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|-----------------|-----------------|----------------------|-----------------|-----------------|----------------------|
| Kent            | 12              | 0.9                  | Salem Lights    | 10              | 0.8                  |
| Kool Milds      | 14              | 0.9                  | Vantage         | 11              | 0.8                  |
| Marlboro Lights | 12              | 0.8                  | Vantage Menthol | 11              | 0.8                  |
| Merit           | 8               | 0.6                  | Winston Lights  | 13              | 0.9                  |
| Merit Menthol   | 8               | 0.6                  |                 |                 |                      |

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cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

|                   | Tar<br>mg / cig | Nicotine<br>mg / cig |
|-------------------|-----------------|----------------------|
| Carlton Soft Pack | 1               | 0.1                  |
| Carlton Menthol   | less than 1     | 0.1                  |
| Carlton Box       | less than 0.5   | 0.05                 |

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### FACT:

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### FACT: Hundreds of miles between fill-ups.

A car's driving range is an important consideration for you. Look at The New Chevrolet's numbers. Estimated city range is 336 miles, highway estimate 441

miles. These figures obtained by multiplying the 21 gallon fuel tank capacity by (16) EPA estimated MPG (city), 21 highway estimate for a '79 Caprice or Impala with available 5.0 Liter V8. California estimates lower.

**Remember:** Compare the EPA estimated MPG with that of other cars. Your mileage and range may vary depending upon speed, trip length and weather. City mileage and range will be less in heavy city traffic. And your actual highway mileage and range will probably be less than the highway estimate. The New Chevrolet is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

### FACT: A lot of built-in Chevy value.

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- Long service intervals

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Caprice Classic Sedan



# The New Chevrolet.

half as hard as he did this off-season," Shula said. "He had to, because of the situation he's in. He had to get that weight off and it was a struggle. He can't make it if he plays at 250 pounds. Age is creeping up on him."

Csonka showed up for Shula's rookie and veteran mini-camps in May, then resumed his hard training. Two weeks ago he checked into the Dolphins' training camp a week early in order to participate in the orientation for rookies and second-year players, and when he stepped on the scales he weighed 237 pounds—exactly as Shula had ordered.

Then Csonka caught another of Shula's horrors. This time it was a grueling 12-minute run in Miami's maddening humidity. Shula requires all the Dolphins to do five laps around the Biscayne College practice field. In his years with the team, Csonka had been vocal in his dislike for Shula's prescription regimen, especially the endurance run. There had been practical jokes to put the point across, and there had even been eyeball-to-eyeball confrontations between them.

This time Csonka didn't balk. He made five laps plus 240 yards in the 12 minutes, coming in almost two laps behind the first-place finisher, rookie Defensive Back Jerome Stanton. Still, it was a more impressive showing than Shula had expected. "That's the furthest he's ever been," said Shula. "Before, it was a big deal to get him headed in one direction and keep his momentum going without having him stop to walk."

Csonka explained, "I've had a mood change. It used to be I had negative overtones to all this. But now I'm keeping my mouth shut. I'm still not a yes man. I don't like running gassers. I don't like carrying the ball an extra 10 yards in running drills. I can't stand the 12-minute run. I don't like any of it, but I do it. I still think Shula's training camp is a bunch of hokey—his curfew and all that. But for the first time in my life I'm ready to co-operate in every instance."

"I'm ready to make any sacrifice he de-

mands. I just want to be on the field as much as I can, and that includes going down on kickoffs. I'm telling you straight across. That's an easy thing to say, but it's a tough thing to back up, and believe me, I'll line up in a minute. Because of my age, my knee and the fact I might be a step slower, I've got to make up for it in enthusiasm and by making a good impression. I just want to be on a winning team. That might sound humble for a guy that's in his 12th year, but that's exactly where I'm at."

"There's no future for me. My future is



Csonka feels at home blocking for Bob Griese and peering over Larry Little (66)

behind me. I've got one year and I'm going for broke. Each game is my career and that's the way I'm going at it. I don't believe I'll ever be in another training camp."

Shula understands where Csonka is coming from. "I think he wants it in the worst of ways," says the coach. "He wants to end on a positive note. The guy has immense pride."

Says Csonka, "There's no other reason for me to be here but to prove that I can do it one last time. I'm not here for the money. I took a crack at that before. If I give up football my family isn't going to desert me and my friends aren't going to care. I don't have that many friends, but most of the ones I do have were with me before my football. I just want one more go-around. I'm not satisfied with what happened in New York. I'm not satisfied to be a spot player."

Csonka is one of five fullbacks in the

Miami camp. Leroy Harris, who started last year and gained 512 yards, is back, along with veteran Jim Braxton, and there are two young prospects, fourth-round draft choice Steve Howell from Baylor and free-agent David Morgan.

After the first few days of training camp Csonka was complaining last week that he was "still a step slow off the ball." He said, "I'm not at home with this offensive line yet. Until I get the plays, the personalities and the probabilities down, I'll be a step slow. But, then again, I never was a speedster."

Still, Shula seemed to be pleased with Csonka's progress. "The starting fullback job is between Csonka and Harris," he said. For now, though, Shula has listed Csonka, who is 20 pounds heavier and six inches taller than Harris, as No. 1 on the depth chart. "Listen," said Shula, "I didn't bring Csonka down here just to use him on third and one."

Maybe not, but as Csonka said, "With the Giants I had a good ratio of getting the first down on third and short, fourth and short. If I can do that, Shula can use me. I think he feels that anything else will be a bonus."

But I'm going to try for everything I can get. I can be a great threat as a blocker for Delvin Williams or Gary Davis, and I'm strong and quick enough to be effective in the power running game."

"I realize I don't have a buffer zone to fool with. I don't run the 40 in 4.7. I don't have that cozy feeling I used to have when I was here before, but I keep things in perspective. Any time you try to win everything, you must be willing to lose everything. When I go out on the field now, it's just like picking up the bones and rolling 'em."

When his comeback is over, Csonka hopes that he will be able to enjoy one last laugh at the expense of a Miami organization that staged a welcome-home benefit for him. As a token of its affection for Csonka, the group presented him with the videotape highlights of his football career since he left the Dolphins. The tape was all of one inch long.

END

As the old song goes, the virgin sturgeon needs no urgin'. And neither, it appears, do more experienced individuals of the genera. In the cases of the giant Atlantic sturgeon and the smallest species, the shortnose, new research indicates that primal urges have been working reasonably, even surprisingly, well. Which is O.K., but not great, says William Dovel, a 46-year-old marine biologist with the Oceanic Society. Dovel has been making uncommonly intense studies of these odd fish, and he believes that with a little help from man, the Atlantic could again become one of the important fish of the East Coast.

Sturgeon are literally "living fossils," having originated about 300 million years ago in the heyday of the dinosaurs. They look it. They have barbels for detecting food on the bottom, a cartilaginous sleeve-like mouth with bulbous lips, rows of armor plates instead of scales and a sickle-shaped tail. For all that, the flesh is a delicacy, and the eggs, after being washed in cold water and treated with salt, become caviar, the finest grade of which—Beluga, from the Caspian and Black seas—commands \$18 an ounce in the U.S.

The native range of the Atlantic and shortnose sturgeon is from Florida to Canada. They were once abundant all along the coast, but overfishing after the turn of the century almost obliterated them. In fact, the shortnose is now an endangered fish. Witness Chesapeake Bay, where commercial fishing depleted the Atlantic sturgeon catch from 141,000 pounds in 1897 to 705 pounds in 1920.

Although the catching of an Atlantic sturgeon nowadays is a rarity in the Chesapeake and in most of the fish's other former haunts, both the Atlantic and the shortnose are commonly found, odd as it may seem, in the much-abused Hudson River. Indeed, Dovel argues, proper management of the

## So sturgeon may burgeon

*With some help from man, says a marine biologist, the fish could flourish again*

Hudson population could restore the Atlantic sturgeon to the Chesapeake and other spawning grounds of the East Coast and create extraordinarily valuable commercial and sports fisheries. "Why shouldn't they be caught on rod and reel?" he says. "Sturgeon are caught by anglers in California and Oregon. If I were fishing the Hudson, I'd use a shrimp down on the bottom."

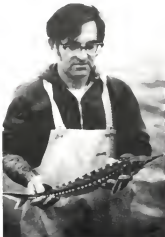
By Dovel's estimate, 100,000 juvenile Atlantics 10 to 30 inches long winter in

the lower Hudson, with the majority concentrated in deep holes between the George Washington Bridge at the north end of Manhattan Island and the Bear Mountain Bridge 45 miles upstream.

Dovel conducts his fieldwork aboard a houseboat made over into a research vessel. He never bothered to get his Ph.D., the union card in a profession with its share of phonies, but he gets results that make sense, which is rare. From 1960 to 1971 he explored the Chesapeake, collecting and identifying 5,498,196 fish eggs and larvae and correlating each one with temperature and salinity. There was many an Atlantic or shortnose sturgeon among them. In 1971 Dovel undertook his study of the lower Hudson. This time he collected three million eggs and larvae—including those of Atlantic sturgeon—and, fascinated by the species, began work on it and the shortnose in 1976.

This spring, with assistant Bruce Tripp, Dovel headed upriver, where he suspected the shortnose spawned. Working with biologist Tony Pekovitch, Dovel discovered the spawning grounds of the hitherto mysterious fish. It spawns from mid-April to mid-May over a 20-mile stretch of the river flowing past the state capital at Albany. Historically, this has been the grungiest reach of the Hudson, and the fish Dovel caught reflect it. "The entire shortnose sturgeon population is in extremely bad shape," says Dovel, who is supported by a grant from the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission. "Practically every adult shortnose has bad fin rot, and a number have abdominal tumors." Nevertheless, on or near the spawning grounds, Dovel and commercial fishermen tagged and released more than 1,600 shortnose.

The Atlantic sturgeon population in the Hudson is in much better shape than the shortnose. The young stay in the river until they are two to five years old and then



*Dovel would protect the juvenile Atlantic sturgeon*

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TO WIN.**



migrate to the ocean, where they spend from nine to 15 years. During that time, the load of PCBs they accumulated in the Hudson is reduced to next to nothing, a tenth of a part per million for the bigger fish.

Migrating juveniles enter the Atlantic in the fall, and fish that Dovel tagged in the river have been caught as far away as Nantucket Sound, Mass. and Kitty Hawk, N.C. A number of juveniles have been taken in rivers tributary to the Chesapeake. "I'm not aware of a spawning population in the Chesapeake," Dovel says, "but one reason sturgeon could be invading it is that there are no other fish in their food niche. It's again virgin territory for sturgeon."

Mature males return to the Hudson—to an area far downstream from the shortnose—in March and April, a month ahead of the females. The males are at least 11 or 12 years old, at which age they are on the average four feet long and weigh up to 100 pounds. They don't travel in schools but meander around the river singly, sometimes venturing—absentmindedly, it seems—above the spawning grounds. By contrast, the returning mature females are all business. They are at least 18 to 20 years old and weigh upwards of 100 pounds, and when the first of them arrive in May, they get right down to spawning when they encounter freshwater.

"In the summer of '76 I had a sonic transmitter on a ripe 168-pound female," Dovel says, "and in six or eight hours she had dropped her eggs, turned around and gone." Persistent as always, Dovel followed her down the river into New York Harbor where he finally lost her beep amidst all the static churned up by the Operation Sail fleet assembling to commemorate the Bicentennial. "I called the Navy and the Coast Guard to alert them that a sturgeon carrying a transmitter was moving through the harbor and sending out beeps at a frequency of one second at 70 kilohertz," Dovel says. "I did this because I assumed they would be listening for a man-made apparatus in the harbor because of the Russian ships there. They thought I was a quack."

The biggest fish to return to the river since Dovel began his study was a nine-foot, 245-pound female,

about 30 years old, a quarter of whose weight, 61 pounds, was eggs.

Although the females depart at once, the males stay around until as late as the fall. Dovel does not know where the mature fish go in the ocean, but offshore fishermen have told him that they feed on shellfish such as clams and scallops in mud holes on the continental shelf.

But why are Atlantic and shortnose sturgeon common in the Hudson, of all places, and not elsewhere? "The physical morphology of the Hudson is different from most other estuarine systems," Dovel says. "It's deep, swift and characterized by an awful lot of rocky outcrops that make excellent spawning areas. The Chesapeake is shallow, sandy and muddy. It doesn't have the rock, slate and shale the Hudson does. The Hudson is the best habitat for spawning, and as the best it would be the last to collapse."

But if the Hudson would be the last to collapse, Dovel figures, it would also be the first to rebound and contribute spawning runs of Atlantic sturgeon to other estuaries. To this end, he is working on a management plan that he hopes New York will present to other states and the Federal Government.

"In all probability 95% of the Atlantic sturgeon's natural mortality occurs by the time the fish have reached

the juvenile stage," Dovel says. "Every year approximately 25,000 of the 100,000 juveniles in the river leave for the sea, but we're not getting most of those fish back in later years to spawn. Something's happening out there. Sturgeon have two known predators, sharks and man, and from talking to commercial fishermen, I suspect that the bigger impact is coming from incidental catches along the coast. Atlantic sturgeon from the Hudson are vulnerable to capture for nine to 15 years before they return to the river. That's a long time, and if you add up the incidental catches out there, that comes to a lot of sturgeon."

"What we need is a common management policy along the coast. No Atlantic sturgeon should be taken anywhere in the Northeast, inshore or offshore, unless it's six feet long. That gives the fish the chance to spawn at least once. If that policy were followed, you'd start to see the effect within a year, because those fish that are out at sea approaching maturity would get the chance to spawn rather than be harvested."

"The situation would snowball, and in 10 or 12 years the Hudson would have 10 times the number of Atlantic sturgeon it has now. The carrying capacity of the Hudson—the number of juvenile fish the river can feed—would then be filled, and there would be a spillover into other, but possibly less optimal, spawning grounds such as the Chesapeake rivers. This is what happened when another anadromous fish, the striped bass, was introduced in California and then began spawning in Oregon. This also happened with the introduction of shad on the Pacific Coast. To accelerate the process, you could also stock."

Dovel hasn't finished his work on the Hudson—he would like, among other things, to be able to follow big fish with sonic tags at sea for several months—but, as he says, "In too many cases biologists are called in to analyze a crisis situation after the crisis. This may be the case with the shortnose, but it's not with the Atlantic sturgeon. We have the chance to rebuild a great fishery for the whole coast, and it's time we acted with foresight, not hindsight. Everyone would benefit, including the fish."



This 200-pound Atlantic sturgeon is ready for market

# THERE'S MUSIC IN THE WHERE?

In the "Guinness Book of World Records," a wondrous compilation of facts and feats, you'll find the fattest cat and wettest violinist

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

**T**he 1979 edition of the *Guinness Book of World Records* credits one Michael John Poultney with having memorized the value of the mathematical symbol  $\pi$  to 5,050 places. That, however, is scarcely any more impressive than the mnemonic achievement of Norris McWhirter, the amiable Briton who edits the Guinness book itself. McWhirter has committed most of his book's 15,000 entries to memory, a feat he explains by saying, "It's the same as a boy memorizing information about baseball. It's a matter of being interested."

McWhirter puts his grasp of world records to admirable use. A slight, graying man of 53 with an oftentimes chirpy manner, he speaks fluent worldrecordese, enriching even the most casual conversation with nuggets drawn from his book. Bring up the subject of inflation and McWhirter will cite the \$5,544,000 paid for a Velázquez at an art auction

*continued*

*From a California swimming pool come the soggy sounds of Handel's "Water Music," played by Mark Gottlieb of Olympia, Wash.*





Backwards sprinter Paul Wilson of New Zealand keeps an eye on the finish line. Michael Carrey of London prepares to topple 169,713 dominoes



## GUINNESS

in London as illustrative of a "distrust of hard currency." Let the conversation turn to the communications revolution and he will note that, owing to a decline in its use, the record for receiving Morse code—75.2 words per minute—has remained unbroken since Ted McElroy set it in 1939. If you're talking about fanaticism, McWhirter will likely mention Saint Simson the Younger, a sixth-century Syrian monk who perched on a stone pillar for 45 years—which, incidentally, may be the record for the oldest world record.

To have one McWhirter chattering away in world-recordese is strange enough. It was odder still when two of them were doing so, the other being Norris' identical twin brother, Ross. The McWhirters were interchangeable, Oxford-educated sportswriters who had been hired in 1954 by the huge Anglo-Irish brewery, Arthur Guinness, Son & Co., Ltd., to compile a record book, and they built it into an international bestseller. They made promotional appearances clad in the kilts of their Scottish forebears, mischievously leaving it to interviewers to try to figure out which of the pale, jug-eared

*Iron-lunged Mel Robson of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England buffed and puffed and puffed again until he blew a hot-water bottle to pieces*



brothers was Ross and which was Norris. But the McWhirters also had a sober side. They became involved in conservative political causes, an interest that had a tragic culmination when Irish Republican Army terrorists shot Ross to death on his front doorstep nearly four years ago.

Ross' death was a crushing blow to Norris. Nevertheless, the surviving brother has continued to put out the record book, turning what had been a lighthearted duet into a determined solo. The Guinness brewery still owns the book, publishing it through a subsidiary, Guinness Superlatives, Ltd., which occupies the top floor of a three-story, red-brick building in Enfield, a northern suburb of London. Double-decker buses rumble along Enfield's busy streets and mums push prams on the sidewalks, and the gold-carpeted offices of Guinness Superlatives pulse with purpose, too. At work there, McWhirter is obviously intent on keeping his brother's violent death from casting a shadow over the record-book operation.

"After Ross died, I had to decide whether to chuck it or



Look, Ma, no hands! Golf-ball balancer Larry Martin stacks up six



soldier on," Norris says, discussing the matter in resolutely practical terms. "In soldiering on, the appalling thing is that there's so much that Ross used to do that I now must handle alone." As though to underscore his loss, there is still a mailbox bearing Ross McWhirter's name at the entrance to the office.

It will surprise some people to learn that the McWhirters' record book has its sober side, too. Or, at least, its less wacky side. Although best known for oddball records, the book is by no means confined to them—hence the entry on art auction prices as well as others on the densest metals and the worst road accident. Behind this expansive approach is Norris McWhirter's heartfelt conviction that the contemplation of world records—or superlatives, as he also calls them—can be both entertaining and educational, a pleasurable way of expanding one's intellectual horizons.

"People are fascinated with extremes," McWhirter says. "They like to know what the steel brackets are around a given subject. It may be significant that the average snake is, let's say, 4½ feet long, but it's somehow more interesting that the longest one is a python measuring 32 feet and the shortest is just a few inches—a worm, really. People crave delineation and points of reference. It's a matter of orientation, but it's also part of the natural competitiveness that most of us have."

The wide appeal McWhirter attributes to records would seem to be borne out by two entries that the Guinness book contains about itself. Readers are told that the volume in their hands is: 1) the fastest-selling title ever, having achieved worldwide sales of 34 million since 1955; and 2) the most-stolen book in British public libraries. These superlatives aside, the book is in its 25th edition in Great Britain (where it is known simply as the *Guinness Book of Records*) and has been translated into 21 languages, including Czech, Serbo-Croatian and Finnish, with new translations being prepared in Turkish and Arabic. The biggest market, though, is the U.S., where the paperback (Bantam, \$2.50) is a popular stocking stuffer at Christmastime and a favorite on campus-

continued



*Triple threat Roger Guy English demonstrates his talents at kissing (3,000 girls in eight hours), staying awake (288 hours) and twisting (102 hours.)*



es, and the hard-cover version (Sterling Publishing Co., Inc., \$8.95) is more or less accepted as a standard reference work. Of the 4½ million copies of the 1978 edition sold worldwide, nearly three million were acquired by Americans.

The U.S. also has been the focus of a Star Wars-style marketing blitz, featuring Guinness-licensed notebooks, puzzles, jump ropes, calendars, Dixie Cups and dozens of other products. Most of these items, including Kellogg's Raisin Bran boxes and Hallmark cards, have samples of Guinness world records inscribed on them. On top of that, world-record feats have been depicted in a Guinness-theme show at Radio City Music Hall, a TV program starring David Frost and in a cartoon strip that appears in some 100 newspapers. There is a Guinness museum in the Empire State Building, as well as in such tourist centers as Niagara Falls, Ontario; Gatlinburg, Tenn.; Lake of the Ozarks, Mo.; and Myrtle Beach, S.C.

Nothing, however, points up the book's success more dramatically than the zeal with which people try to get their names into its pages—and, of course, onto those cereal boxes and greeting cards. Fraternity boys, failed athletes, assorted crazies and maybe even some nor-

mal folk eagerly participate in what might be called Guinnessport, whose main purpose is to "get into Guinness." Some people play Guinnessport individually, but others stage mass assaults on the book in so-called Oddball Olympics that have been held in such diverse locales as London, Los Angeles, San Antonio and New South Wales, Australia.

Guinnessport flourishes because the book contains such a wealth of categories for would-be record breakers to choose from, including many that rely less on talent than on brass and tenacity. Among these are underwater violin playing, keeping a pipe lit and the sort of marathon engaged in by Aaron Marshall, a fisherman in Waikato, Western Australia, who in 1977 stood under a shower in a shopping mall for 224 hours. Marshall's feet ballooned and his body became as wrinkled as a prune, but he said, "I'll be yahooping around the countryside when I see my name in the record book." That noise from Down Under is the sound of Marshall yahooping: his marathon shower is duly recorded in the latest edition.

The U.S. is a hotbed of Guinnessport. There appears to be no shortage in this country of people like 17-year-old Lang Martin of Charlotte, N.C., who made it

his mission to crack the pages of Guinness by balancing six golf balls vertically. Closing windows to avoid drafts and working late at night so that his family wouldn't disturb him, Martin tried for weeks to stack the balls, only to see them tumble time and again. Those were frustrating moments, but Martin says, "I was wanting to get into that book real bad." He persevered and developed just the right touch. Finally, with neighbors assembled as witnesses and camera poised to record the event, he succeeded. Martin's world record for golf-ball balancing can be found in the current edition, between the records for gold panning and catching a thrown grape in the mouth.

It is somewhat surprising to realize that the practice of compiling world records started only in this century. The phenomenon began when people in sport, hitherto concerned mainly with winning or losing, got the idea of comparing performances. At first, records were merely a way of finding one's statistical bearings, but they soon became ends in themselves as fans, athletes and sports-writers got caught up in the giddy allure of somebody "going for the record."

An epidemic of world recordists has

*continued*

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
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been raging for some time now. When Ireland's Ron Delany was the best indoor miler in the world in the late 1950s, he was booed by American fans for merely running to win rather than smashing records, as the crowds demanded. The same thing now routinely happens in the record-happy sport of swimming, whose fanciers yawn through races that, however close and exciting they may be, fail

and its sections on major sports contain records not readily available elsewhere. Did you know that a New Zealander named Paul Wilson has run 100 yards backwards in a world-record 13.3 seconds? Or that the world's lightest jockey was a 40-pound wisp named Kitchener, who rode in the 19th century? You can look it up in Guinness.

But the Guinness book also goes be-

yond sport to view practically everything as potentially fair game for records. Thus it contains sections on business, science, structures, the natural world—12 headings in all. As seen by Guinness, waterfalls don't just gurggle and splash; they compete. The winner is Venezuela's Salto Angel, which drops a "world record" 3,212 feet. Similarly, butterflies are locked in existential competition with a particular great monarch that has been clocked at a "world record" 17 mph. And a schoolgirl justifiably proud of herself for having finally stopped biting her nails nevertheless has a way to go before overtaking Shridhar Chillal of Poona, India, whose fingernails have grown to a "world record" length—nearly two feet in the case of one nail. To the editors of Guinness, the universe is a vast stadium caught up in the transcendent business of record breaking.

The idea behind all this is that world records can be as useful for finding one's bearings in life generally as they are in sport. Contrary to popular impression, however, the book stops somewhat short of anything goes. By definition, *Guinness*

*continued*



to produce new marks. Not long ago two great industrial nations were locked in momentous debate over how Sadaharu Oh's career home-run record stacked up against Hank Aaron's. In a deep-think book, *From Ritual to Record: The Nature of Modern Sports*, Amherst Professor Allen Guttmann terms this absorption with records one of the distinctive characteristics of contemporary sport.

Roughly one-fourth of the Guinness book is devoted to sports, and its sports editor, Stan Greenberg, receives billing on the cover second only to Norris McWhirter. But this isn't just another sports-record book. For one thing, it includes such obscure pastimes as sand yachting, parasailing and pigeon racing,



Ross McWhirter passes the baton to his identical twin, Norris, during a 1949 meet in London. In his cluttered Superlatives office, Norris carries on



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ness world records deal with the unprecedented and excessive, with the result that the book has the inevitable flavor of a circus sideshow, there are obligatory entries on Siamese twins and unfortunate births born with 14 fingers. But the editors rule out gratuitous gore, sexual feats (a section on "swinging" deals, innocently enough, with playground swings) and stunts deemed unseemly, including that old undergraduate favorite, goldfish swallowing. Excluded, too, are collections of aluminum foil and pennies and certain dangerous activities such as that other old favorite of undergraduates, Volkswagen packing. There is also a taboo against ridiculous variations. As Greenberg says, "We'll get a letter saying, 'I did so many push-ups with my girl friend on my back.' If we put that in, somebody else will say, 'I did it with a horse on my back.' They're always coming up with variations, and you have to draw the line." McWhirter says, "One has to continually preserve the purity of records. To qualify, something has to be universally competitive, peculiar or unique."

Because records by their very nature are measurable and verifiable, the Guinness book scrupulously leaves to that other cut-and-paste compilation of superlatives, *The Book of Lists*, such subjective matters as the 10 greatest cartoon characters of all time. In its section on feminine beauty, Guinness says somewhat wistfully, "It has been suggested that, if the face of Helen of Troy (c. 1200 B.C.) was capable of launching 1,000 ships, then a unit of beauty sufficient to launch one ship should be called a millihelen." Millihelens not yet having been adopted by either the British government or the U.S. National Bureau of Standards, Guinness goes little further than to note that Miss World of 1954 measured a "Junoesque" 40-26-38, making her apparently the most full-bodied of all Miss World titlists.

For all of his insistence on maintaining standards and objectivity, McWhirter enjoys wide latitude in determining what goes into Guinness. Over the years, he has come to recognize records for Frisbee and Monopoly, having decided that they have become universal. Resourcefulness is evident in McWhirter's creation of a category for the largest entity bearing a person's name: Bolivia and the Americas were dwarfed, he found, by a

super-cluster of galaxies named after University of California astronomer George O. Abell. "Abell's 7" now holds the world record as most "eponymous."

The book reflects McWhirter's whims on almost every page. While ruling out collections of pennies, he can't resist mentioning the world's largest ball of string. His book cautions that trying to break records for eating gargantuan quantities of food is "extremely inadvisable," but then lists records for the consumption of no fewer than 33 food-stuffs, among them eels, baked beans, pickled onions and prunes. It also relates that a Frenchman known as Mange-tout holds the world record for eating a bicycle, which he did, tires and all, in 15 days. It calls that feat "the ultimate in stupidity," a superlative that, while neither measurable nor verifiable, is perhaps pardonable.

When the spirit moves him, McWhirter also spices his book with his own droil sense of humor. The reference to millihelens is but one example. Readers might also enjoy the report that a 19th-century German named Johann Thiem dug a world-record 23,311 graves before, "in 1826, his understudy dug his grave." Or that Rusty Skuse qualifies as the world's most tattooed lady, having been decorated to "within 15% of totality" by her husband; according to Guinness, the husband explained that he "always had designs on her."



One recent evening McWhirter drove to a large house in London's Winchmore Hill district and parked in front. He and his brother Ross grew up in the house, and it had been a happy, if formidable, place, boasting seven bedrooms, a circular driveway and a 210-pound laundress. But now, cast in evening shadows and occupied by strangers, it was dark and brooding. Looking at it, McWhirter said that until both of them took wives in 1957 (Ross at 31, Norris several months later at 32), they always roomed together.

"In a house with seven bedrooms?" McWhirter seemed startled by the question. After a pause, he said, "Why we could have had separate rooms... I guess it just never occurred to us."

The McWhirters were born on Aug-

ust 12, 1925, Norris at 7:40 p.m. and Ross 20 minutes later. Their father was William Allan McWhirter, a prominent Scottish-born editor of a London newspaper, who had an abiding faith in the virtues of fair play and legible handwriting. Both brothers were fascinated with what the British call facts 'n' figgers, and they also shared an interest in sports. As with many identical twins, their relationship seemed to be telepathic at times. They often communicated with little more than grunts and gestures, and were able to finish one another's sentences. When one of them put down an object, the other knew where it was. Their tastes were so similar that Ross, who disliked coffee, always puzzled over the fact that Norris enjoyed an occasional cup. Until their marriages—each was the other's best man—their only separation occurred when they served in the Royal Navy in World War II. Norris was detailed to a minesweeper in Singapore, Ross to one in the Mediterranean. The vessels made their separate ways to Valletta, Malta—where they collided.

The McWhirters later attended Oxford, where both were sprinters on the track team. Norris was faster; he anchored a British championship 440-yard-relay team—on which Ross ran the third leg. Norris also competed abroad on national teams. After Oxford, having moved back into their parents' house, Norris worked as a free-lance sports-writer while Ross reported on rugby and tennis for *The Star*. The brothers also launched a "fact service" for advertisers and for newspapers, yearbooks and encyclopedias and put out a monthly track magazine, *Athletics World*.

To all who knew them, the McWhirters were simply "the twins," a pair of endearing, if slightly foggyish, look-alikes who were forever spouting odd bits of information. Neil Allen, their first editorial assistant and now a well-known sportswriter for the *Evening Standard*, says "Norris and Ross weren't the hard-drinking, loud-shouting Fleet Street types. They didn't smoke, hardly drank, and living at home, they seemed cut off a bit from real life. I remember one of them being surprised to learn that most people in Britain had mortgages. But they had very lucid minds, and I always knew I was with special people. I used to go home at night stimulated."

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In view of their later involvement with the Guinness book, it seems almost too perfect that the McWhirters were on hand when their friend and fellow Oxonian, Roger Bannister, arrived at the black-cinder Ilfley Road track in Oxford on May 6, 1954, to break the four-minute barrier in the mile—still one of the most celebrated of all world records. The McWhirters were covering the event for *Athletics World* and Norris was also the public-address announcer. The night before the race, anticipating that Bannister would succeed, Norris in his bathtub practiced what he called a "crescendo-suspense" announcement.

The McWhirters knew a lot even then about packaging world records. After the race, Norris teasingly intoned over the loudspeakers: "Ladies and gentlemen, here is the result of event number nine, the one mile. First, number 41, R. G. Bannister, of the Amateur Athletic Association and formerly of Exeter and Mer-

ton Colleges, with a time which is a new meeting and track record, and which, subject to ratification, will be a new English native, British national, British all-comers, European, British Empire and world record. The time was three . . ."

The rest of the 3:59.4 clocking was lost in cheers.

As fate would have it, a "rabbit" in that epochal race played a critical role in steering the McWhirters into the world-record business. He was Chris Chataway, the world-class distance runner, who was also an Oxford man and, at the time, a junior executive at the Guinness brewery. The story of how the record book was conceived has long since become a publishing legend. Sir Hugh Beaver, Guinness' managing director, wondered during a hunting trip what the world's fastest game bird might be and was surprised to find that there was no reference work that satisfactorily answered such questions; he decided that Guinness should publish

a chronicle of such "superlatives" for distribution in pubs in which its famed stout was sold (and in which a book calculated to settle arguments might be useful); Chataway recommended the twins as compilers; four frantic months later, the McWhirters produced a book admirably suited, as Guinness' board chairman, Lord Iveagh, phrased it in his foreword, to "turn heat into light"; finally, what was supposed to be a one-shot venture to promote beer became a perennial bestseller.

The book's success—and the McWhirters' flamboyance in promoting it—made the twins celebrities in England. They also attracted attention as television sports commentators, confounding viewers on one memorable occasion by appearing simultaneously on different channels. And they became conspicuous as vigilantes of the right, inveighing at every opportunity against big unions, big government, the Soviet Union and what they saw as the evils of permissiveness.

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They believed in unbridled competition and the need for authority, which in a sense is what they were promoting with their record book. Consistent though this may have been, the British public had trouble taking the McWhirters seriously, regarding them as sporting, square, patriotic and just a bit cranky. Even a close friend says, "Norris and Ross always reminded me of clowns who wanted to play Hamlet. They were amateurs who blundered into a horrible situation."

One of the twins' first political ventures occurred in the late '50s when they mischievously disrupted a ban-the-bomb rally by using a car with a loudspeaker on top to direct unsuspecting marchers into a field. In 1964 they ran for Parliament in different districts, each losing but each receiving, by a fine coincidence, 19,000-odd votes. Eventually the brothers worked out an arrangement whereby Norris concentrated a bit more on the Guinness book while Ross speechified and pamphleteered in behalf of the causes in which they both believed. Ross also fought a series of quixotic legal battles, researching them in the evenings, sometimes falling asleep at the dining-room table with law books piled high around him. One day Ross would be trying to block television from showing a film about Andy Warhol that he considered obscene; the next, he would be seeking an injunction against a frye strike. In 1975, fatefully, he announced plans to post rewards for the capture of those responsible for the Belfast-style terrorism then plaguing London.

For his pains Ross himself became a victim of that terrorism. On Nov. 27 at 6:45 p.m., he opened the door of his large mock-Tudor house to admit his wife, Rosemary, who had just driven up in her Ford Granada. Two men stepped out of the bushes and opened fire with handguns, hitting the 50-year-old McWhirter in the head and stomach. The scene of the shooting was less than a mile from the Guinness Superlatives offices, and late-working employees heard the ambulance go by, never dreaming that a dying Ross McWhirter was inside. The next morning the *Daily Mail* headlined L.R.A. MURDER BOOK OF RECORDS MAN. (Fifteen months later, four L.R.A. members were convicted and imprisoned for a wave of bombings and the murders of six people, including Ross McWhirter.)

Although Ross was more visibly involved in politics, longtime friends, such as Chataway, know better than to downplay Norris McWhirter's role. After helping Bannister breach four minutes, Chataway himself broke a world record—for the 5,000 meters—the same year. He eventually left Guinness and served for 15 years as a Conservative member of Parliament before quitting to become an investment banker. A cheery little fellow with a Kennedyesque shock of reddish hair, Chataway says, "I don't think Norris will mind my saying that he was the senior partner of the two. He was a better sprinter than Ross, and I've always felt he was a little better in everything. My impression is that Ross tended to follow."

After his brother's death, Norris McWhirter wrote a book, *Ross: The Story of a Shared Life*, in which he describes the wrenching moment when he identified the body at the mortuary: "The experience of seeing, lifeless, a person who is genetically the same person as yourself has an unreality. There is you." He also wrote: "I felt that I was about to be reborn—not as half a person but as a double person."

Having taken the baton from his slain brother, the old Oxford anchor man has been running with it ever since. Today, Norris says he is too busy putting out the Guinness book to work on the political causes dear to Ross and himself, though he rejects the notion there was anything inconsequential about those causes. He says, "To take action on one's principles is a very, very rare thing, and that's what Ross was doing. He believed that the alternative to the rule of law was the rule of the jungle. He was absolutely doing the right thing."

The brewmasters at Arthur Guinness, Son & Co., Ltd. find it slightly awkward that their record book has come to enjoy great popularity among children. Rather than appear to be encouraging the young to imbibe, they have been slow to approve licensing in Great Britain of the kind of Guinness-related toys and promotions that are flourishing in the U.S. But the diversified, \$1 billion-a-year company otherwise tends to keep hands off Guinness Superlatives, a stout operation that produces \$600,000

in annual profits on sales of \$4 million. As one brewery executive puts it, "We just let Norris kind of bush away on his own."

McWhirter bashes away in an office in which every available surface, even the floor, is piled high with papers. The Guinness book generates 20,000 letters a year, mostly submissions for new records and challenges of existing ones, and while McWhirter has plenty of help in answering them, he says with a proprietary air, "I get the tough ones." He corresponds with experts in various fields and plows through heaps of magazines and nonfiction books in an effort to keep abreast. "You develop a technique in reading so that words like longest, shortest, biggest and other 'ests' jump out at you," he says.

McWhirter is painstaking about approving records, insisting on corroboration by eyewitnesses, newspaper clippings and photographs. He recalls with a shudder the time a young Englishman wrote in claiming to have broken the record for standing 12-sided English three-penny pieces, one on top of another, on their edges. "The record was 11 and this chap said he had stacked 13," McWhirter relates. "He even included a photograph, but I didn't like the looks of it, so I phoned him and started asking questions. He finally said, 'All right, I'll tell you how I did it.' I said, 'Good, that's exactly what I want to know.' He had used a powerful adhesive and attached a chair, table and carpet to the ceiling. Then he suspended the coins from the table. He had photographed it all and simply turned the picture upside down."

Smiling tightly, McWhirter adds, "He deserves the world record for ingenuity."

Actually, McWhirter generally enjoys seeing records broken. Apart from the fact that they justify the new editions he publishes each year, he happens to believe that new records are usually tied up with progress. "A record for the worst road crash, that's not progress," he concedes. "But most records are broken because of advances in training, technology or something else. The Apollo program, for example, was the bit-by-bit culmination of an incredible number of man-years of effort, involving 400,000 people and a \$25 billion budget. But it also required the existence of the computer, without which it wouldn't have been pos-

continued

sible to do third-dimensional navigation fast enough."

Generally speaking, the world is progressing at a rate that McWhirter finds satisfactory. For his book's 25th British edition, he compiled a table revealing that since 1955 the world record for the largest tanker has been broken 19 times, improving—if that's the word—by a total of 1.190%; the deepest ocean descent has been exceeded three times for a 269% improvement; the men's high jump 17 times for a 10% improvement; and so on. One exception is the mile record for thoroughbreds, which has improved just 1%—from Citation's 1.33% in 1950 to Dr. Fager's current 1.32%. With disdain, McWhirter says, "Those damned horses—they don't have much more intelligence than a pigeon." No thanks to thoroughbreds, roughly 23% of the contents of the book changes each year, including revisions for such seemingly immutable records as the world's highest mountain: that one was "broken" in 1973 when the Chinese surveyed Mount Everest and officially measured its height, long given as 29,002 feet, as 29,028 feet.

**T**he Guinness book contributes to this boom in world records chiefly by stimulating the activities that constitute Guinnessnessport. There has always been the kind of behavior that Shakespeare called "midsummer madness," and in bygone years barnstorming pilots, marathon dancers and flagpole sitters were forever claiming world records. They usually documented their feats with newspaper clippings they carried from town to town, and reliable comparisons between rival claims were all but impossible. As a result, the crazes in which they participated were just that—crazes, fading away as quickly as they began.

The Guinness book gives such zany stunts an air of permanence. As McWhirter puts it, "By acting as a kind of clearinghouse, the book is a catalyst for a lot of record breaking. Nowadays, a record only has to be printed for somebody else to break it." Lest the book not be catalyst enough, McWhirter further encourages record breaking by issuing certificates to record breakers and selling them neckties (at \$6). He also acts as the unofficial czar of Guinnesssport. Noting that

in order for records to mean anything, "like must be compared with like," he decreed that claimants for the hot dog-eating record must have consumed two-ounce franks. He ruled that the rolling-pin-throw record is open to women only. Shoeshining? He declared that record available only to teams of four teen-agers and, oh, yes, shoes must be "on the hoof." When setting records for the rocking-chair, balancing-on-one-foot and sundry other marathons, the competitors, he ruled, may take one five-minute rest per hour. McWhirter doesn't just compile his compendium of records. He nurtures it, hovers over it like a mother hen.

But treacherous mines dot the landscape and for all of McWhirter's care, missteps occur. For example, the name of the Indiana couple that owns the world's most productive milk cow is mistakenly given in the current U.S. edition as "Becher" instead of "Beecher." Last year a man named Wayne Thompson was credited with having broken the record for distance swimming when he swam 1,864 miles down the Missouri and Mississippi rivers. Belatedly, it was discovered that Thompson had used fins, a violation of Guinness standards. His name has been excised from the current edition. In grape eating the test once was: How fast can a pound of grapes be consumed? The record dropped steadily from more than two minutes to 34.6 seconds, at which point a claimant reported that within 34.6 seconds, he consumed three pounds, one ounce. Guinness went for the switch and recognized that feat as the record, resulting, apparently, in this ludicrous test: How many grapes can be consumed in 34.6 seconds?

Some students of the Guinness book whisper that its contents are unduly influenced by McWhirter's anti-Soviet sentiments. They note his refusal to confer the world record for longevity on Soviet Georgians who are said to have lived to 150 or more. The book recognizes instead an American, Delina Filkins, who died in 1928 at 113 years 214 days. McWhirter insists that the Soviet claims are unauthenticated, as do other authorities, and he rejects on the same grounds the claim that Charlie Smith of Bartow, Fla. is 137. But McWhirter and the other editors are not immune to outside pressure. Though McWhirter denies it, some have claimed that because of Pentagon protest, a pas-

sage blaming a "civilian-U.S. military consortium" for the record plundering of the Reichsbank in the waning days of World War II was deleted from the U.S. edition. The fact that the passage remains in the British edition suggests that McWhirter still considers it accurate.

Any mistakes and distortions that infiltrate Guinness' pages are probably less worrisome than an image problem the book has—namely, that a lot of what others represent to be "Guinness records" are not that at all. One reason is that the book comes out just once a year, trapping many apparent record breakers between editions. In South Bend last year, 1,223 Notre Dame and St. Mary's students gathered on a field, put Jackson Browne's *Running on Empty* on the record player and played a rollicking two-hour game of musical chairs that eclipsed the listed record of 1,162 participants. Alas, Guinness meanwhile received word of a game played by 1,789 students at East High School in Salt Lake City, and it was this record that appeared in the next edition.

"We thought we were in the book for sure," grieved one Notre Dame student. As happens with many other aspiring record breakers, the Notre Dame-St. Mary's legions were waylaid by the fact that much of Guinnesssport is played blind, without full knowledge of what the competition is up to.

Something else that participants in Guinnesssport often fail to understand is that the book doesn't recognize just any old record. Publicity seekers and fast-back operators are particularly careless in this regard. There was the news out of Los Angeles last fall that Klymaxx the Psychic Wizard intended to get into Guinness by driving north on the Golden State Freeway with silver dollars lodged in his eye sockets, a blindfold covering the silver dollars, a hood over his head and his wrists manacled to the steering wheel. The Wizard announced he would be guided through traffic by "forces of his psychic energy." If Klymaxx were psychic, he would have divined that Guinness wasn't interested in such a feat.

The difficulties of keeping Guinnesssport under control are well appreciated at the Manhattan offices of Sterling Publishing, the Guinness book's American command center. Sterling's hustling chairman, David Boehm, is editor of the

*continued*

# Could "Big Blue Marble" win a greater prize than four Emmys?



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**The best ideas are the  
ideas that help people.**

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U.S. edition and the person mainly responsible for negotiating sales of the Guinness greeting cards, puzzles, movies, museums and the rest of what he calls "the ancillary things." A courtly, bearded man who echoes McWhirter's emphasis on the "purity" of world records, Boehm nevertheless ran into trouble two summers ago when he licensed a festival in Atlantic City that was supposed to produce scores of new Guinness records.

What it mostly produced was embarrassment. Four women carried bricks for nine miles along the Boardwalk, only to learn that this "world record" feat had not been properly verified. After playing a pinball machine for a "world record" 91 hours, another participant discovered too late that at the time the book did not recognize such an activity. And contestants in a marathon belly-dancing competition quarreled bitterly over whether a particular belly had stopped dancing. The festival collapsed under the weight of threatened lawsuits, and Boehm now says, "It was ridiculous. The people we had running the festival didn't provide proper supervision. We'll think twice about getting involved in something like that again."

Might a bit of thought also be given to Guinnessport generally? It is clear that the most delightful records in the Guinness book—and there are many—tend to be those that are unplanned and unexpected. If there is pleasure in learning that the tail feathers of the onagadori are a world-record 34 feet, one reason is that the Japanese fowl wasn't trying to get into Guinness. By contrast, the very purpose of Guinnessport is to crack the book's pages. Such attempts tend to be what historian Daniel Boorstin has called "pseudo events," occurrences stage-managed largely for publicity. The listed record-setting 86-foot desperation basket that Barry Hutchings scored for Sutherland (Ore.) High School was an event. The record 75-hour basketball game played at West Virginia's Bethany College was a pseudo event. Events are better.

Yet there is a certain fascination in reading that Kathy Waller of Wolcott, N.Y., managed to cut an unbroken apple peel 172' 4" long. There is also some comfort in learning that a discrepancy in the record for keeping a Life Saver on the tongue is being straightened out. The British edition gives the record as 87 minutes and the U.S. puts it at 102 minutes.

It seems that Boehm wasn't aware of McWhirter's dictum that the clock run only as long as the hole in the middle is visible. A regular Solomon, that McWhirter.

**G**uinnessport's redeeming feature is that it somehow manages to be at once democratic and exclusive. Yes, you, too, can be a world-record holder. After all, hasn't Roger Guy English of La Jolla, Calif., been in Guinness at various times for dancing the twist, for marathon kissing and for staying awake—three records for a fellow whom nobody would mistake for Jesse Owens? But don't tell Salt Lake City gymnastics instructor Rick Murphy that getting into Guinness is of small moment. Murphy broke the 50-yard handstand record in 1975 and had his name in one edition before somebody else broke the record.

"People ask if I really was in Guinness, and I say, 'Yeah, I was next to the guy with two heads,'" Murphy says. "But deep down, I was proud to make that book. It's the best thing I've ever done."

McWhirter notes that much of Guinnessport, like a great deal of sport generally, is in an early stage of development, which is the primary reason why records are broken so frequently. He unflinchingly predicts that eventually records will improve by ever smaller margins at ever greater intervals. Although more precise means of measurement could probably be adopted to keep the records falling, McWhirter warns, "If you cut records too fine, it becomes meaningless. You're just showing off technology." Somewhat defensively, he adds, "I know that some records are more important than others. What many people don't realize is that only 3% of the book is devoted to zany records. It's just that the media pays so much attention to them." In other words, McWhirter is no indiscriminate record monger.

But McWhirter also points out that all records, even Roger Bannister's historic mile, are, in a sense, contrived. He says, "What made the four-minute mile special is the appeal of round numbers. To say that somebody ran 5,280 feet is less than 240 seconds doesn't sound quite the same." Expressing admiration for Americans for firing so well in Guinnessport,

McWhirter says, "It's because Americans have such a high level of achievement. The underachievers are driven into zany outlets." He adds, "Life isn't all frivolous, I know that. But it's not all serious, either. It's the same with records. There's room for all kinds. I don't like saying something is beneath me."

Which explains, perhaps, why McWhirter was at the sprawling BBC Television Center in London one recent Sunday morning, getting ready for a taping of *Record Breakers*, a children's show loosely based on the Guinness book. Inside the studio he peppered stagehands, performers and everybody else with odd information. Did they know that there were 17,000 classified odors? Or that Finnish scientists had achieved the lowest laboratory-produced temperatures? Eavesdropping over a monitor in the control booth, Alan Russell, the show's producer, said with a sigh, "Norris can tell you how many shows we've done and how many chips I've had for lunch."

Once the show began, McWhirter proved a dead-game performer. He climbed into one leg of the world's largest blue jeans (waist: 76 inches), then peered out, eyes blinking, like a miner emerging into bright sunlight. He awkwardly hoisted the world's heaviest cat (42 pounds 10 ounces) onto a scale, getting clawed in the process. And he interviewed Christa Tybus, holder of the world Hula-Hoop endurance record (24 hours 30 minutes), who twirled a hoop on her hips as they talked.

McWhirter also answered unrehearsed questions about world records from the audience, which was made up entirely of schoolchildren. He slipped up only when he said the world's largest airplane, Howard Hughes' Spruce Goose, was in a hangar in Long Bay, Calif. instead of Long Beach. Otherwise he was flawlessly in command, assuring the youngsters that the world's largest aircraft carrier was the *Dwight D. Eisenhower* and that the biggest secondary school was DeWitt Clinton High in New York City, which in the 1930s enrolled 12,000 students. To this last he added, "I should think the headmaster wouldn't know the names of the teachers, let alone the students."

He got a nice laugh on that one. Michael John Poultny, the chap who can recite  $\pi$  to 5,050 places, would have found it a hard act to follow.



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## GRAND FINALE

Sir,

It has taken Bjorn Borg four consecutive Wimbledon titles to make a believer out of Curry Kirkpatrick (*The Grand Finale*, July 16). This time there were no comments about Borg's sausage-selling abilities or mocking insults about his accent. Instead, Kirkpatrick combined the awe Borg's peers have for him with a sense of history in the making. It is about time this champion's rare achievements were so richly described.

DIANE HYRA  
Neptune, N.J.

Sir,

While rightly assessing Borg's supremacy, Kirkpatrick gave well-deserved credit to Roscoe Tanner. Borg is definitely a living legend, with only immortality to go. I think Vijay Amritraj said it best, "This man is a genius."

GREG GABRIEL  
Uniontown, Pa.

Sir,

I would like to tip my hat to Kirkpatrick for his thoroughly absorbing and accurate analysis of Borg's exploits at Wimbledon. He deserves all the accolades the sports media can give him. Also, congratulations on that great photograph of Jimmy Connors. It captures the true spirit of the "gracious-looking" Jumbo better than words could ever do.

TERENCE MARK  
Olean, N.Y.

Sir,

Tanner was bummer but Bjorn was bourgeois!

JEFFREY KOSMACHEK  
Cedarhurst, N.Y.

Sir,

How can anyone say that Connors "needs anything he can get"? Let me remind you, Mr. Kirkpatrick, of the one tournament you failed to mention—the U.S. Open. Or is it that Borg, your hero, was the one who needed help in Connors' straight-set victory of a year ago? I believe you're letting your dislike of Jimbo's on- and off-court attitudes prevent you from making a fair assessment of his ability to play tennis.

SCOTT KLINE  
Orlando, Fla.

Sir,

The photograph of Jimmy Connors caught him in an all-too-familiar pose. However, don't be misled into thinking that Jimbo is showing disrespect; he is merely indicating how many times he expects to beat Borg in their next 10 meetings.

JAMES ARENO  
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Sir,

I beg your pardon! Billie Jean King is an "old war mare"?

Tacky description? Ms. King is still a formidable adversary and may have a few more good decades before she's ready for the glue factory.

JANE A. BUCK  
Mountain View, Calif.

## EXPO EXPECTATIONS

Sir,

It is a tribute to the whole Expo organization (*A Summer Winner in Montreal*, July 16), that a sub-par Montreal team has been turned into a pennant contender. Montreal is one of the few teams to build a winner without spending millions of dollars. I think the Canadians have some competition north of the border.

JOHN MCLORE  
Methuen, Mass.

Sir,

Montreal fans are expecting too much. There is no way that the Expos can hold off power-packed teams like the Phillies and Pirates much longer. Their loyal fans will have to wait, because this isn't yet the season for our Canadian neighbors.

ROBERT ORESKOVIC  
Sussex, Wis.

## WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Sir,

Frank Deford stated in his July 2 story on the nation's capital that "the only thing Washington ever lost was the Senators. Twice." He is only one-third right. Washington has lost a major league team six times. Granted, the information that follows comes in part from the dark ages of pre-1900 baseball.

In 1884 Washington was given a team in the major league American Association. Died after one season. In 1884 Washington was given a team in the major league Union Association. Team and league died after one season. In 1886 Washington was given a team in the National League. Died after the 1889 season. In 1891 Washington was given another team in the American Association. The team switched to the National League in 1892 and died after the 1899 season. Its first American League team moved to Minnesota after 60 years; its second to Texas after 11.

KERR JACOBSON  
New York City

## SHOW OF HANDS

Sir,

Congratulations on *The Good Hands Man* (July 16). Chiropractic is an untapped source of health service for both athletes and the gen-

eral public. My personal experiences bear this out. Released in 1971 from the Red Sox minor league system with a sore elbow (Little League curveballs!), I finally regained use of my throwing arm in 1978 through the work of Dr. Donald Woodcock, a Guilford, Vt. chiropractor. He has also saved me knee operations that were advised by other physicians.

If Dwight Evans, a 1970 teammate, reads this, I hope he takes Carlton Fisk to Dr. Woodcock. Consider it my small contribution to the Red Sox pennant drive.

BILL BARRY  
Greenfield, Mass.

Sir,

The fact that Dr. Perry has proved himself and that he is very much in demand by our own athletes only goes to show that those supposedly in charge of the athletes' well-being are in fact more concerned about their own pettiness. The people opposing Dr. Perry are so hung up on their vendetta against chiropractic that they are keeping valuable treatment from our athletes.

J. MAX WIGTON  
Kenton, Ohio

Sir,

It is incredible how this profession continues to be ignored except by the people who get relief. Sports medicine must include chiropractic in its future.

EUGENE C. BOYLE  
Ridgewood, N.J.

Sir,

We M.D.s aren't mystified by the "success" of chiropractor Perry. Any educated person realizes that we humans—athletes, M.D.s, everyone—have bodily anxieties and are prone to suggestibility. It works for anyone in the healing arts. Then what is the harm? First, if one's healing approach is 99% suggestibility and fraud like chiropractic, the harm one can do is immeasurable as compared to the "success." Secondly, this is 1979—we've come a long way from belief in witchcraft, "laying on of hands," etc. (Though after watching TV faith healers you may not think so.) I think most educated, scientific-thinking people believe that, ultimately, humans will be happier and more effective in their lives if they can tolerate unpleasant facts with as little self-delusion as possible. Of course, none of us can ever become exempt—"wishing" will still "make it so." But athletes can't get by on "psyching" forever. We all have our self-delusions. But let's try to keep them to a minimum. And never exalt them as scientific.

JOHN W. HARDERICK, M.D., F.A.A.F.P.  
San Diego

continued

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## 19TH HOLE continued

Sir:

I foresee in the near future (harrang an all-out smear attack by the AMA and its affiliates) doctors of chiropractic being the most important physicians on the staff of every team—pro, college and Olympic.

FRED L. KINGSMY, D.C.  
 Somerset, N.J.

Sir:

My professional colleagues and I are proud of our profession and indeed proud of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for ignoring the prejudiced AMA and printing this interesting and factual story.

Our clinic is located in the golf capital of the U.S., Pinehurst, N.C. Many golfers, amateur as well as professional, rely on our services and chiropractic to fulfill their desire to play and win.

We commend *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and Herman Wenskopf for this outstanding story. We are certain it has opened new doors for many athletes who have been misled or prejudicially influenced toward the chiropractic profession.

GARY P. DACKOR, D.C.  
 Southern Pines, N.C.

Sir:

Historically, athletes (and lesser humans, too) will believe anything they are convinced will benefit or provide that extra edge. The Good Hands Man clearly indicated that the most effective manipulation was between the ears of those world-class athletes.

Unfortunately, embellished testimonials allude to promised benefits that have no basis in scientific fact. Folk medicine and voodoo live on.

ROBERT E. VANNE  
 Assistant Professor  
 Health Sciences Department  
 Western Illinois University  
 Macomb, Ill.

Sir:

For as many years as *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has been published, I have witnessed my surgical colleagues struggling to rescue fallen athletes. Strained bones have been repaired, deranged joints mended and ruptured muscles rejoined. For the most part, their efforts have been met by the ignominy of silence, perhaps deservedly so, because their results are not always that successful and their fees are sometimes a bit too high.

Dr. Leroy Perry is a miracle. This is not a master "psyching up" champion athletes who are themselves acknowledged experts in "out-psyching" their rivals. As is clearly shown in your photographs, he is making athletes taller, lengthening their strides and making old bodies into new by just knowing where to lay on the hands. What better use can your office have than to serve as a shrine for the canonization of this great man—Saint Leroy of the Cinders?

E. B. CAMPBELL, M.D.  
 St. Petersburg, Fla.

Sir:

In espousing the virtues of chiropractic, Mr. Wenskopf encourages young impressionable athletes and desperate coaches to turn their backs on scientifically proved modalities and replace them with gimmicks.

The only comment I can make on the technique of "acupressure" is that it prepares me for the shock of future articles on prayer cloths and voodoo.

ROBERT J. SYNGAULT  
 Macomb, Ill.

## TO ARMS

Sir:

After reading *Up in Arms about My Arm* (July 16), I am still puzzled. Why can't women accept the fact that physiologically they aren't the equivalent of men? While the female's body mass is centered around the hip region, the male's is in the chest area, thus making him more athletically adept. Perhaps Ms. Ackermann-Blount could take the issue to the ERA lobbyists—meanwhile, I'd advise enrolling in a belly-dancing class.

PHILIP C. JONES  
 Decatur, Ga.

Sir:

I totally agree with Joan Ackermann-Blount's conclusion that there is no difference between male and female arms. A simple test just have those Yankee superstars throw with their opposite arm, 90% will look like Joan in her first Little League tryout.

ARNOLD LEVINE  
 Park Ridge, N.J.

## OLD PRO

Sir:

Despite the accomplishments of Alan Page, (Don't Kick Sand in His Face, July 16) outside the nation's NFL arenas, his best days inside them are behind him. One need only review the Viking record over the past decade to conclude that Bud Grant must certainly know what he is doing.

ROY HEINRICH  
 Madison, Wis.

Sir:

In this day of the spoiled athlete, it is refreshing to read about a true professional who is mature enough to deal with criticism and continue to produce the way Alan Page has.

If what was described in the article about Grant and his politics is true, it would seem that Page is much better off in Chicago.

KEVIN SHILLON  
 Glen Ridge, N.J.

Sir:

Alan Page is shown as a football player. Alan Page is shown as a lawyer. Alan Page is shown as a runner. Alan Page will always be shown as an outstanding human being.

JOHN O. ANTONIANO  
 New Haven, Conn.

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